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JANUARY 20, 1978

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—SEE PAGE 81

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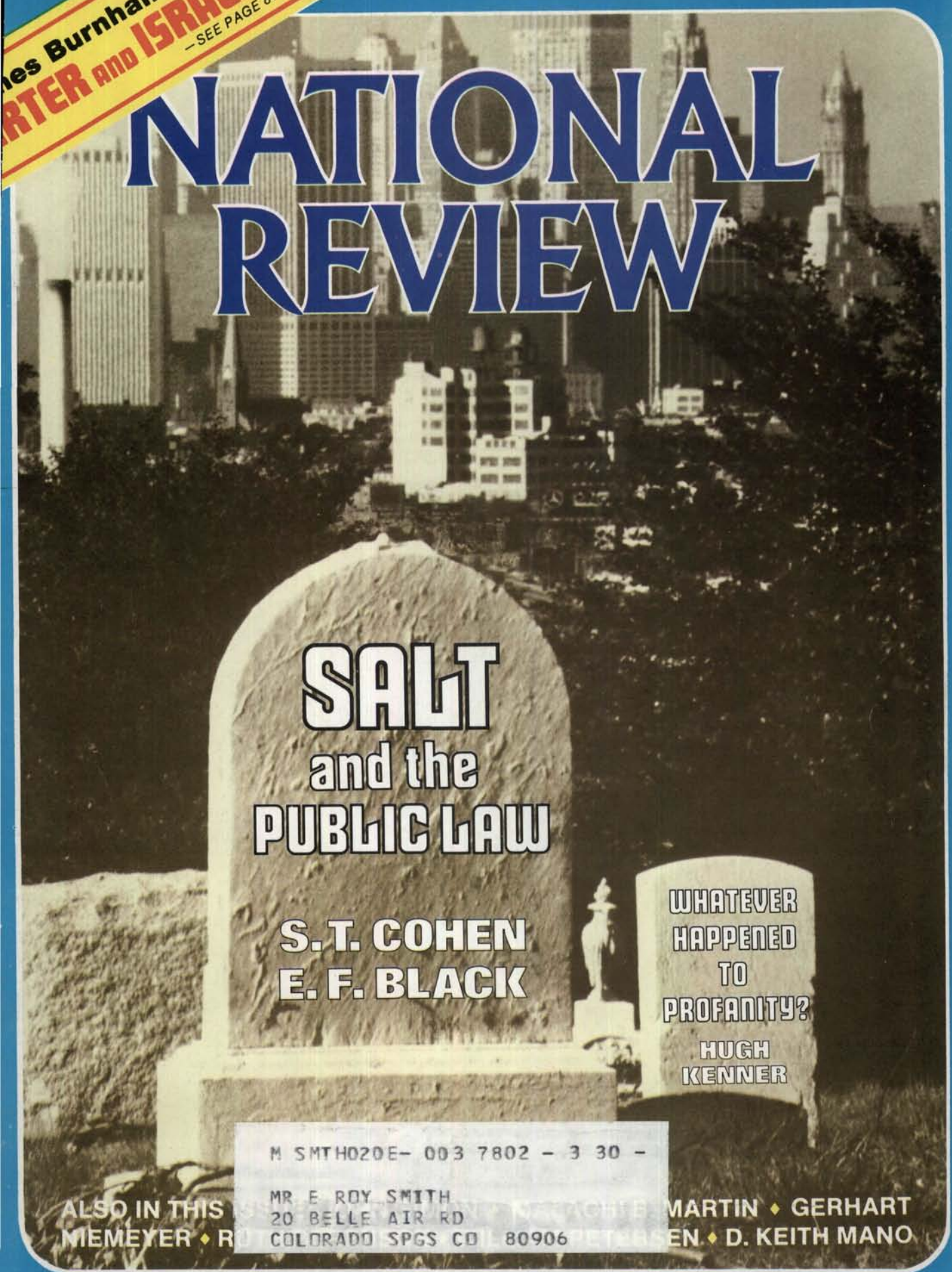

SALT and the PUBLIC LAW

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NATIONAL REVIEW

JANUARY 20, 1978
VOL. XXX, No. 3
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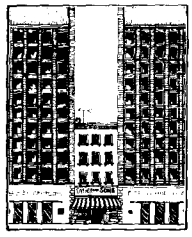

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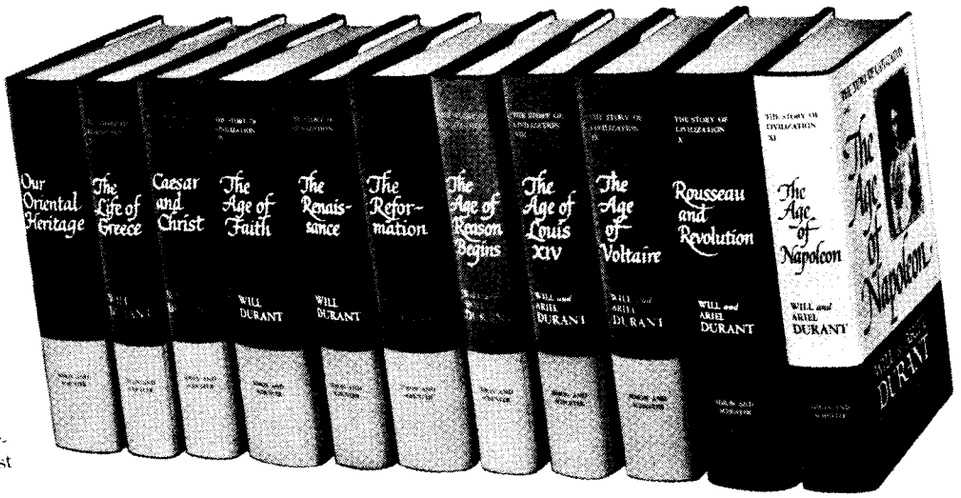

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Letters

Rescuing Keynes

Edward Meadows' "The Decadence of Economic Theory" [Jan. 6], in its devastating analysis of the mutually exclusive positions taken by men all of whom claim to be followers of Keynes, confirmed my belief that at least three-quarters of the time economists don't know what they're talking about. Have you ever spent an evening with two or more of them? The backing and filling, the acceptance of various contradictory positions, the airy enunciations of universal theory are glorious to behold.

However, just because this seems to be equally true of all schools of economics (though not of all economists within each school), as Mr. Meadows himself points out, I was rather put off by his exaggerated personal hostility to Keynes. I wish Mr. Meadows himself had raised the point that was raised by whoever writes your contents page: ". . . [Shackle] has rescued Keynes from Keynesianism. (And why not? Shortly before his death Keynes wrote to Hayek of the latter's *The Road to Serfdom*: 'In my opinion it is a grand book. . . . Morally and philosophically I find myself in agreement with virtually the whole of it; and not only in agreement with it, but in a deeply moved agreement.')"

STANLEY HILLSBOROUGH
Washington, D.C.

The First and Its Pedigree

Your November 25 observations ["The Week"] on the relationship of obscenity to the First Amendment raise an interesting question concerning the use of history in constitutional interpretation. To support your assertion that obscenity is unprotected by the First Amendment, you rely upon Professor Leonard Levy's *Legacy of Suppression*, in which he concluded that, at the time of its adoption, the Framers of the First Amendment did not intend to embrace a broad, "libertarian" definition of "freedom of speech or of the press." Professor Levy focused his attention, however, not on the question of obscenity but, rather, on the question of seditious libel. In his view, the Framers did not intend to abolish or modify the common law conception of that offense. Professor Levy defines seditious libel as any speech that criticizes "the government: its form, construction, officers, laws, symbols, conduct, policies, and so on. In effect, any comment about the government which could be construed to have the bad tendency of lowering it in the public's esteem . . . was seditious libel, subjecting the speaker or writer to criminal prosecution" (page 10). As must be obvious, under this definition the most important and interesting contributions of NATIONAL REVIEW and, indeed, of almost all respected journals constitute seditious libel. Your reliance on the importance of the historical origins of the First Amendment as regards pornography would, I assume, compel you to defend, with equal ardor and in the name of federalism, the right of any state or community to make it a crime to sell or distribute NATIONAL REVIEW within its boundaries.

I do not mean to suggest that there is no conceivable basis for distinguishing obscenity from seditious libel. I emphatically suggest, however, that your analysis of the question was shallow and unconvincing at best. Like Professor Levy, on whom you rely, I hold that "No citizen, and certainly no jurist worthy of his position, would or should conclude his judgment on either a constitutional question or a matter of policy by an antiquarian examination of the original meaning of the freedom-of-speech-and-press clause" (page 4). History may help us to understand the Constitution, but as an instrument of advocacy it is often a two-edged sword.

Chicago, Ill. GEOFFREY R. STONE
Associate Professor of Law
University of Chicago

Our point—no more "antiquarian" than Professor Levy's book—was purely negative: we dispute the historical pedigree Professor Dershowitz claims for, e.g., Screw *when he says, "That's what the First Amendment was designed to protect." Whatever importance one attaches to the intention of the Framers, and Dershowitz clearly attaches great importance to it, the evidence refutes him. If Paw Paw, Michigan were to charge* NR *with seditious libel, we would of course seek such shelter as the Constitution and accumulated precedents afford—without insisting that the First Amendment was "designed" to protect us. Why does Professor Stone attribute such a fossilized antiquarianism to us? The editorial referred explicitly not only to the Constitution but to the whole judicial tradition of exempting obscenity from its protection.*
—ED.

Bakke and the Court

In his article, "The Courts *v.* Self-Government" [Oct. 28], Paul H. Connolly, correctly I think, accuses the courts of ruling on matters of public policy which are best left to other branches of the govern-

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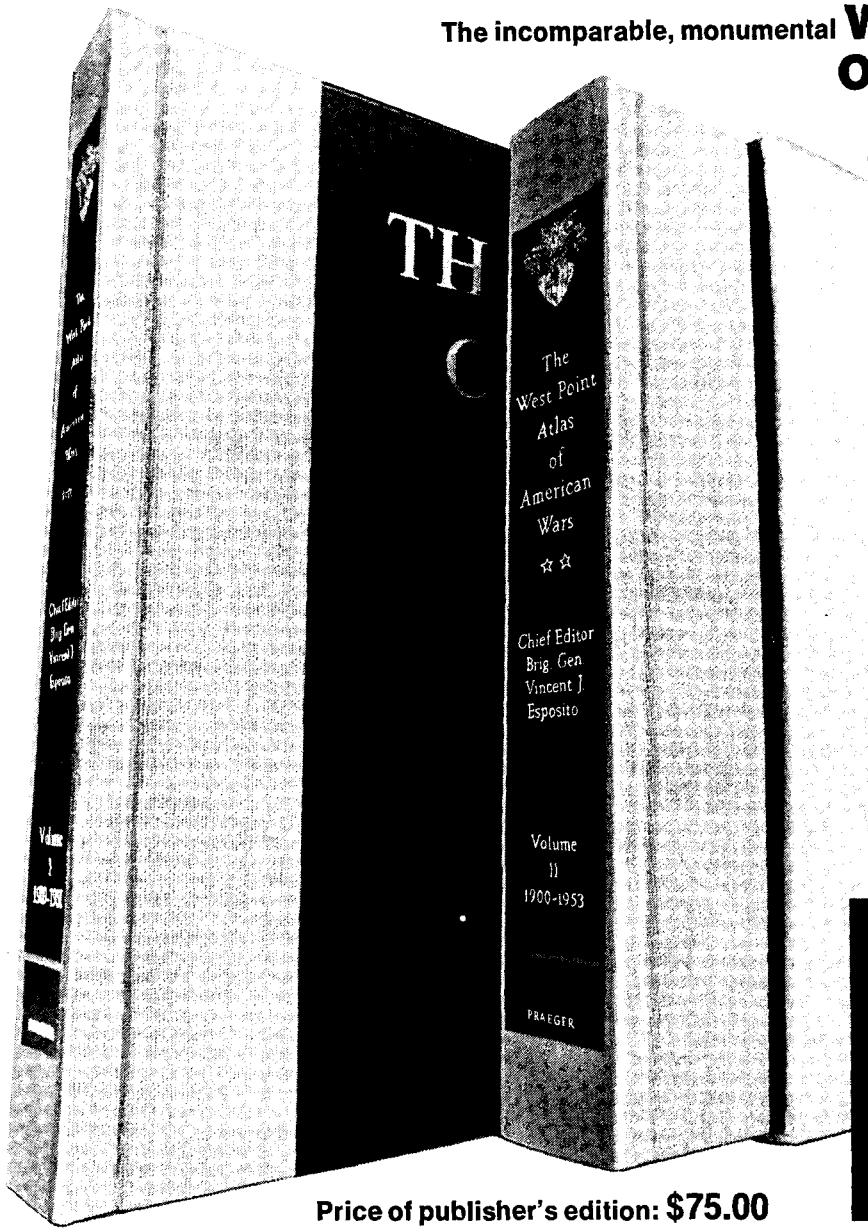

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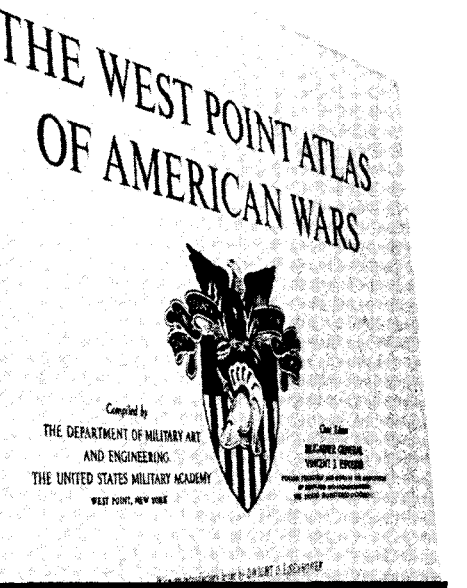
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ment. I also agree with Mr. Connolly that "Where the constitutional principle is unclear, the people, not the courts, should debate and legislate a decision." However, *Bakke* is not a case where the constitutional principle is unclear.

The question the Court is asked to decide is: Was Bakke a victim of racial discrimination? The strict-constructionist view has to be that if Bakke was a victim of such discrimination then the Court must rule in his favor. Racial discrimination by a state agency (UC Davis is a public institution) is forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. In reaching a decision, the Court should consider only the law, not the effect of its ruling on the number of minority group members in professional schools.

I am not trying to argue the merits of the case. The Court could find that the minority applicants who were admitted instead of Bakke had proved they were more likely to succeed in medical school. But the Court's only duty is to determine what the facts were.

Rock Hill, S.C. JAMES BOYD

From Paul Connolly's article, I quote: "American courts, observed Tocqueville, possess neither the purse nor the sword to enforce their decisions." Tocqueville must have been familiar with *The Federalist*.

The following passage from Number 78 of *The Federalist* may be of interest to your readers: "The Executive not only dispenses the honors, but holds the sword of the community. The Legislature not only commands the purse, but prescribes the rules by which the duties and rights of every citizen are to be regulated. The Judiciary, on the contrary, has no influence over either the sword or the purse; no direction either of the strength or of the wealth of the society; and can take no active resolution whatever. It may truly be said to have neither *force* nor *will*, but merely judgment; and must ultimately depend upon the aid of the executive arm even for the efficacy of its judgments."

Chestnut Hill, Mass. SIDNEY ZECHER

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Not Guilty

Cheers for Paul Gigot's excellent article [Dec. 23] on Australian Wilfred Burchett —except for the unfortunate reference to Burchett as "Tokyo Rose." While the reference was undoubtedly innocent, even a recent college graduate might be expected to know better; the Ford Administration is not that far in the past.

Once again, for the record:

Iva Toguri d'Aquino, a native American, was abandoned by her own nation in an enemy nation in the wake of Pearl Harbor. During the war, she risked her life to remain loyal to her own country. In broadcasting for the Japanese, she read scripts written by Allied POWs, once they had convinced her that she would be helping, not hurting, the Allied war effort. Following the war, her three POW bosses were promoted and decorated by their respective governments, including the U.S. Government.

Miss Toguri, in contrast, was imprisoned for more than a year as a suspected traitor; she was cleared of such unfounded suspicions in both civilian and military investigations.

In 1948, an Administration smarting under charges it was "soft on traitors" selected her as an easy scapegoat. Even so, the railroading almost failed. A federal grand jury at first refused to indict her; a federal jury found her innocent of seven of eight alleged acts of treason, and the foreman of that jury has repeatedly insisted that she was found guilty of that single charge only because he and the other jurors understood the judge to be directing them to bring in such a verdict.

Miss Toguri, after spending an additional six years in prison, was paroled—but subjected to continuing government persecution until, in a belated act of justice, she was pardoned by President Gerald Ford.

There is no way to make up to Miss Toguri for more than three decades of injustice. But to compare her, in any way, to Wilfred Burchett is an additional insult to a gracious lady, and a most undeserved compliment to Burchett.

Sacramento, Calif. PHIL JORDAN

Rx for MDs

Sure, I got my snickers reading Mano's column on the gays, uttered a gratuitous chuckle or two when "Gimlet Eye" roughed up Orthodox Judaism, but the diatribe on doctors [Dec. 9] had me sobbing all the way from the OR to the golf course. The old story, I guess—it depends on whose muck is being raked.

Not that Mr. Mano doesn't write with

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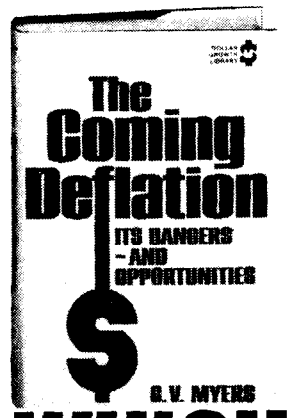

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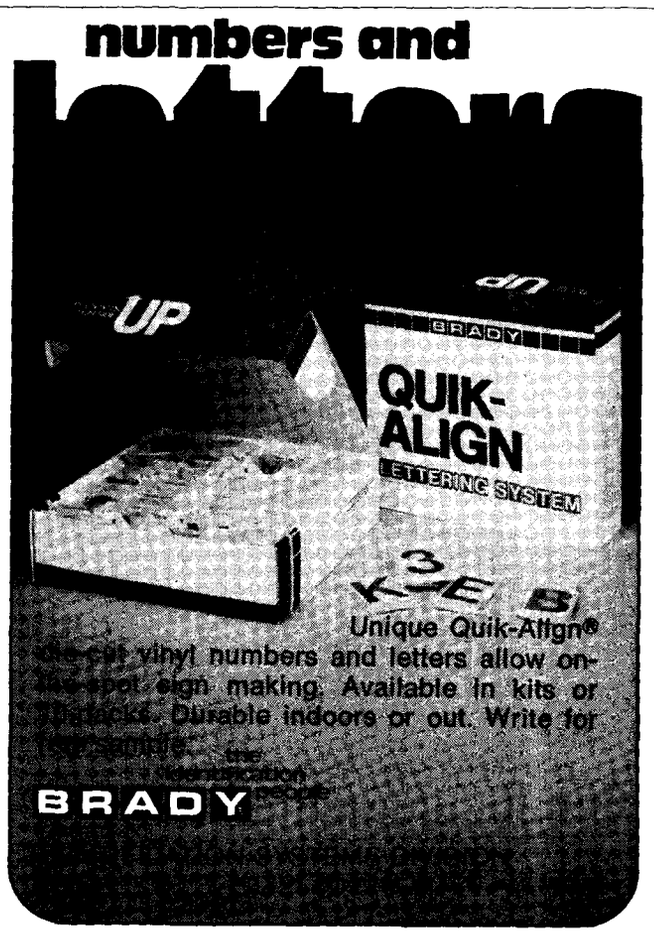

authority; in addition to his devastatin personal experiences with physicians as background, he has researched his invec tive in a 1975 issue of *Patient Care*.

Tell Mr. Mano not to despair. As any good millennialist will tell him, the doctor of the future will all be gentle, modest and infallible. And they will be able tc cure his cholesterolemia, too; they wil tell him to lay off the veal scaloppine and try jumping rope. The cause of "blue urine" will also be unearthed—assuredly, a bad case of unmitigated crankiness.

Elgin, Ariz. ALLAN CARTER, MD

After reading Mr. D. Keith Mano's article on physicians, I immediately took two aspirin and got lots of rest. After plenty of rest I took plenty of fluids—gimlets, to be precise. After the third—or was it the fourth?—gimlet, my eye too became more piercing, and then finally jaundiced, as his must be.

You said, on the contents page, that his article was a diatribe. I say it was a smear. His indignant recital of drug side-effects or reactions was juvenile. Drug reactions are unpredictable. Every person's physiology is similar and yet somehow marvelously different. Mr. Mano seems exasperated that drugs should have a long list of potential reactions. Should we simplify it? Short of changing human nature, we could remove the drug from usage. The very simple but effective aspirin I felt compelled to take can cause reactions (asthma, g.i. symptoms and ulcers, etc.) in some individuals. Shall we ban penicillin? How many thousands of lives have been saved by this antibiotic since 1942? Yet penicillin can bring severe reactions, even death. The number of people adversely affected is very, very small, however, compared to the great number that can be helped. Everyone knows this, even Mr. Mano.

J. C. MAILANDER, MD

Great Falls, Mont.

A Pan-Catholic Journal

We are most grateful for *NR*'s editorial plug for the *New Oxford Review* [Oct. 28] and Barbara Nauer's volunteering of our address [Dec. 9].

I would like to clarify a few points. The magazine does not belong to me, but to the venerable American Church Union.

While the *New Oxford Review* is the focal point of the renewed Oxford Movement, it is not an organ of the emerging Anglican Church in North America. We do sympathize with ACNA, but the *Review* is *pan*-Catholic. That is, it is a sounding board for all orthodox Christians, especially those who stand in the Apostolic Succession, and the growing body of Incarnation- and sacrament-minded Evangelical Protestants.

(Continues on page 66)

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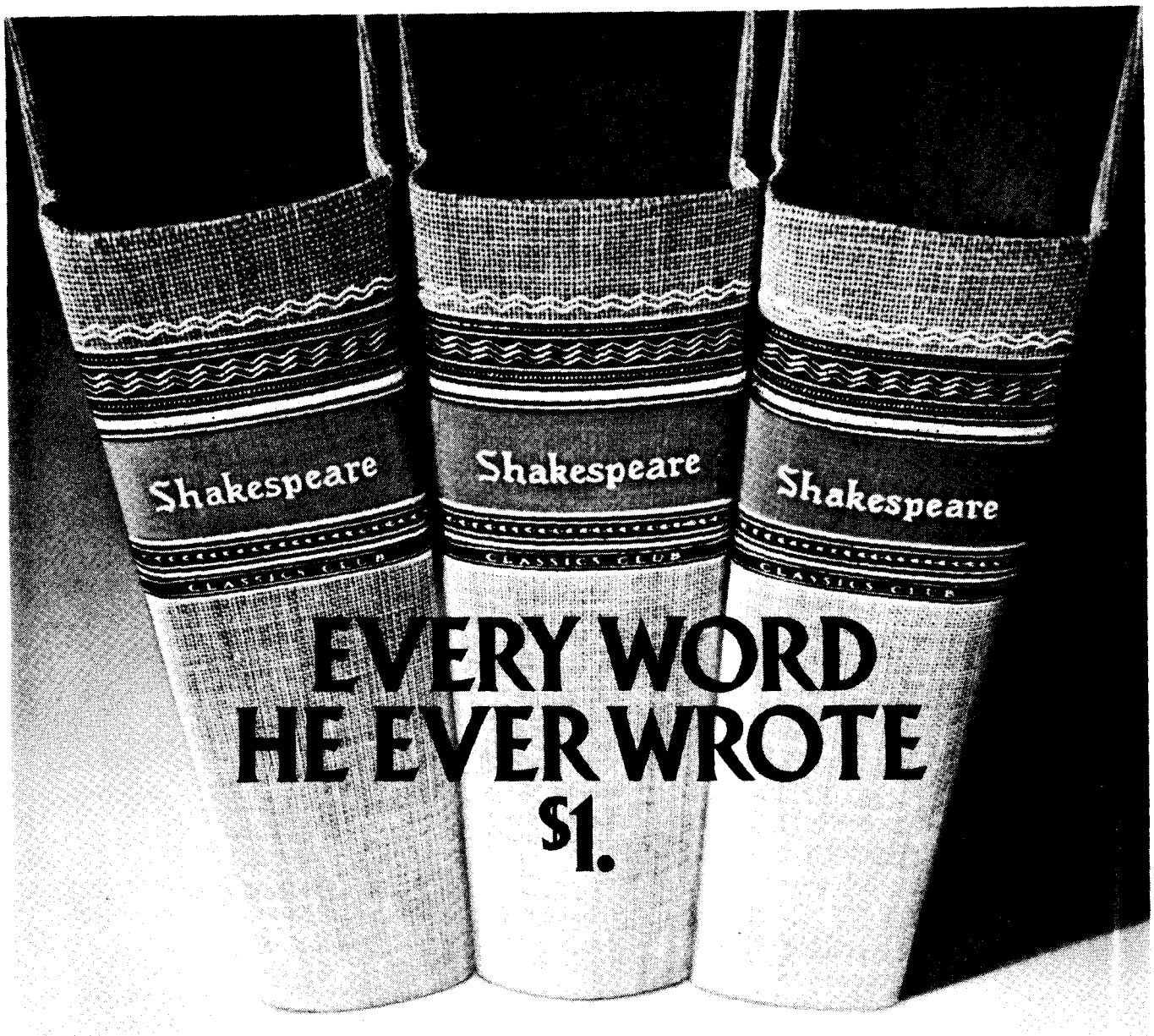

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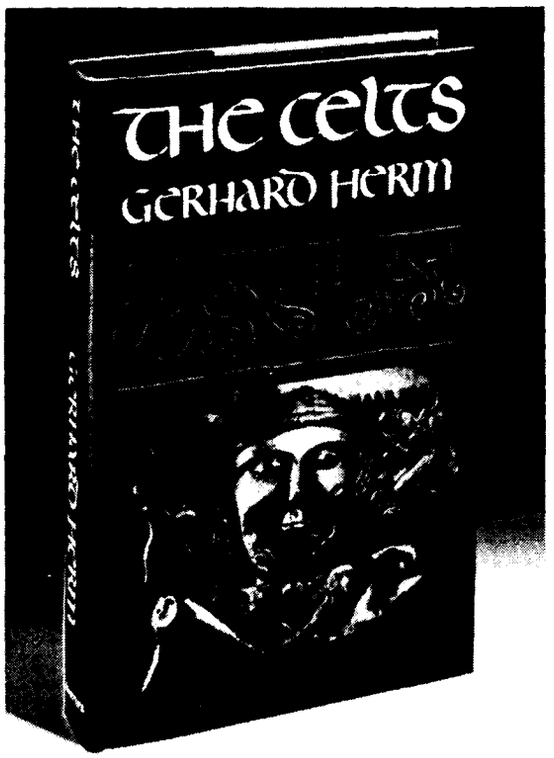

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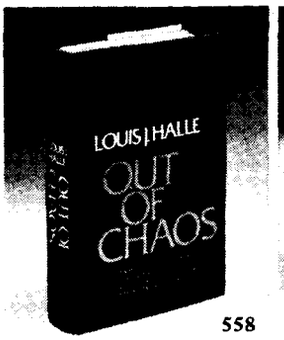

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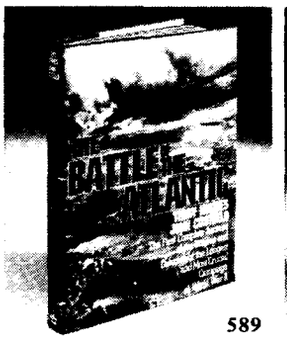

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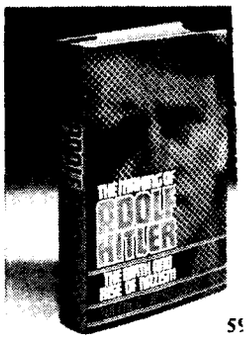

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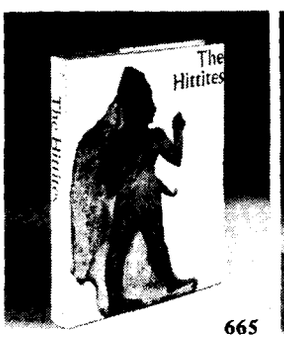

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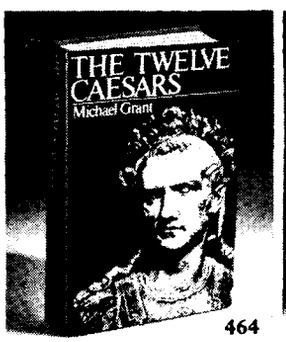

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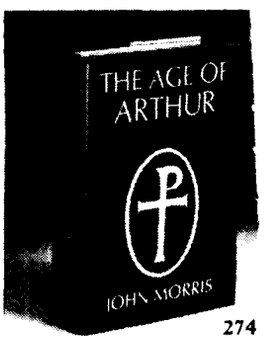

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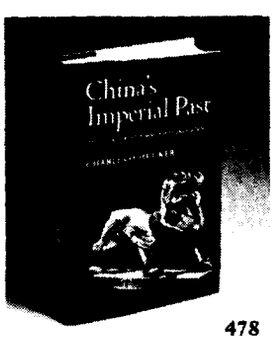

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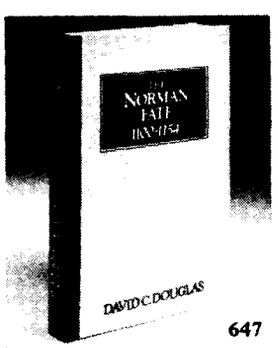

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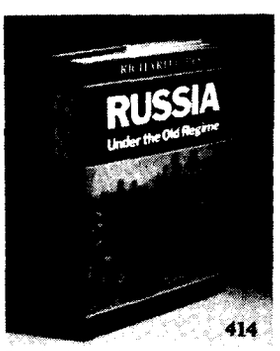

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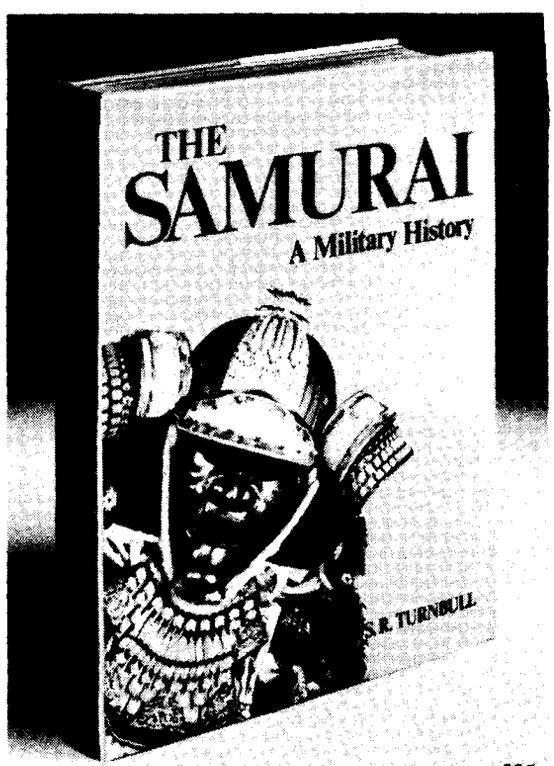

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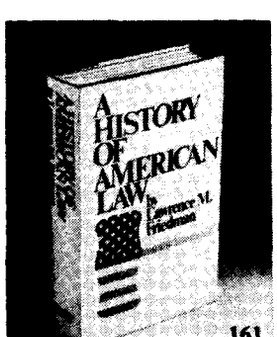

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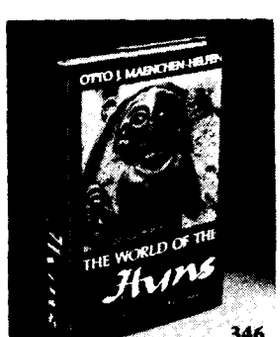

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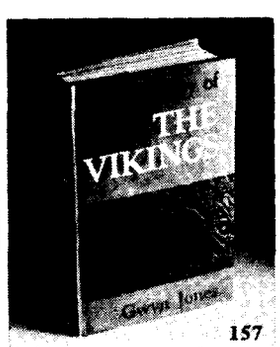

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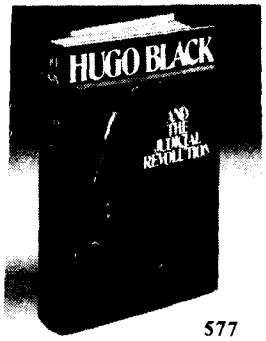

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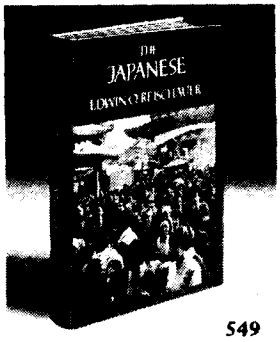

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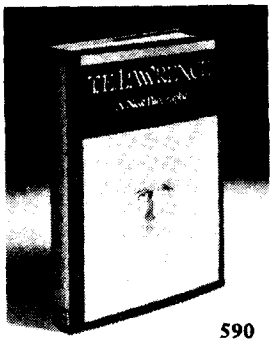

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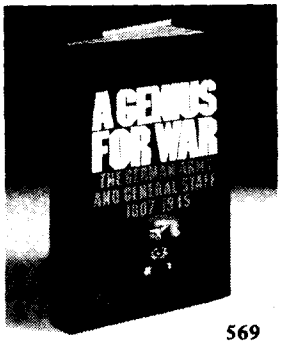

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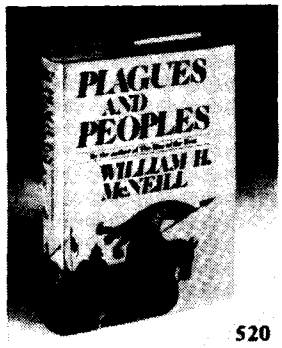

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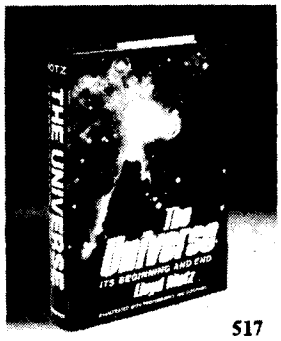

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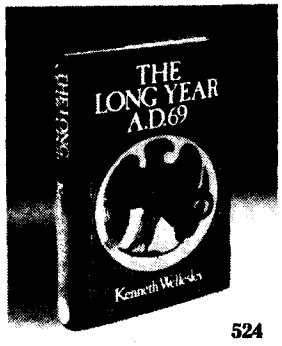

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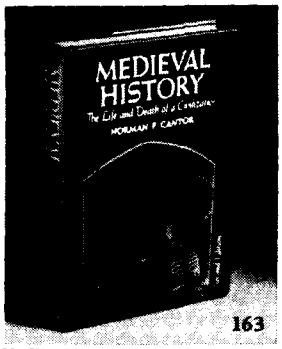

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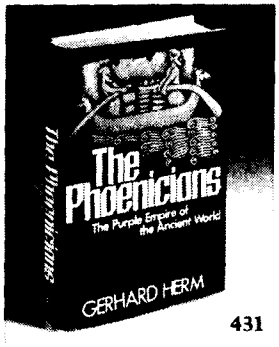

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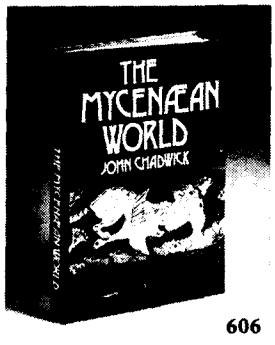

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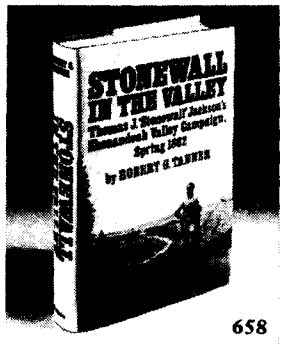

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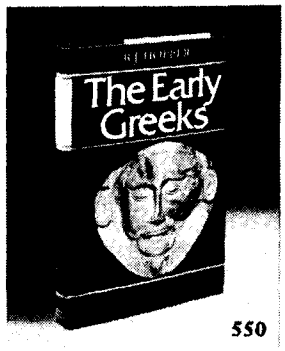

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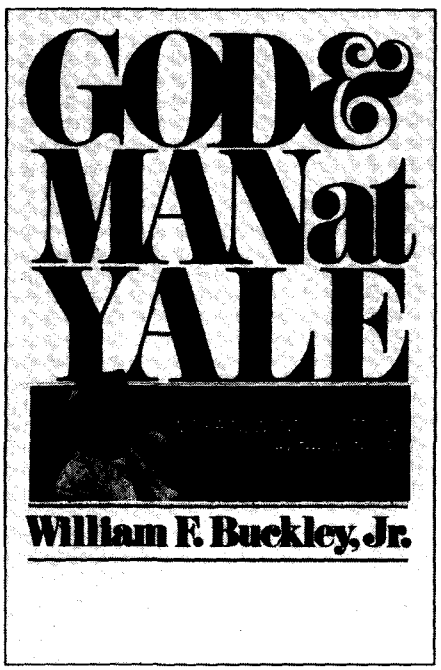

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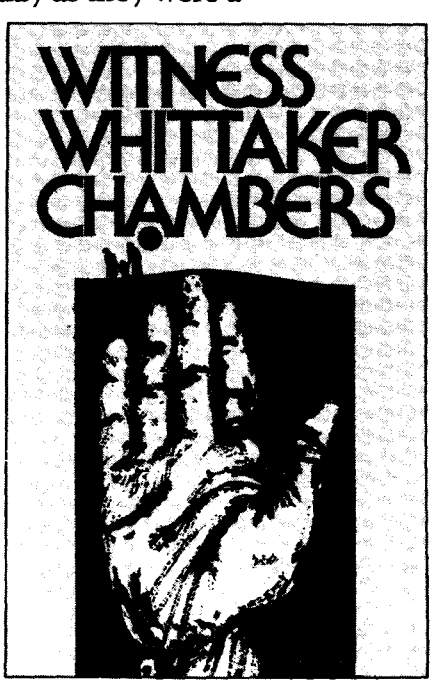

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 62)

In part, we would like to fill the vacuum left by the demise of *Triumph* magazine (although our editorial position is broader and much more irenic). More precisely, we aspire to be the journal people automatically reach for when they want to know what traditional Catholics are thinking about the issues of the day. We intend to be *the* authoritative journal for traditional Catholics: what *Commonweal* is for modernist (largely Roman) Catholics, what *Christianity Today* is for traditional Protestants (Evangelicals), what *The Christian Century* is for modernist Protestants—indeed, what *NR* is for political conservatives.

I would be happy to mail a sample copy to anyone sending in $1. Write: *New Oxford Review*, Department J, 6013 Lawton Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Oakland, Calif. DALE VREE
Executive Editor
New Oxford Review

No RIPs for NATO

Your paragraph in "The Week" [Dec. 23] on NATO's reaction to the neutron bomb reminded me of "The Week's" sad goodbye to SEATO last summer.

Let us hope that no such premature RIP is forthcoming for NATO. At the moment, Soviet political and military power seems to be concentrated on subversion and outright imperialism in Africa and Latin America. However, a real threat of Communist subversion of democratic nations still exists in Western Europe, just as it did when NATO was born in April 1949.

Canadian Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, who played a key role in the formation of NATO, described it then as "no mere military alliance": "It goes further and deeper to mobilize the moral as well as the military and economic resources of Western Europe. It seeks to restrain the aggressive forces of Communism . . . by building up in the . . . democratic and Christian states of Western Europe a dynamic counter-attraction to them."

The fear persisted that the West, just as in the 1930s, would acquiesce to the blandishments of dictators and thus allow its states to be picked off one by one.

The need for a decisive Western policy to counter Communist expansionism is at least as imperative today as it was in 1949. For St. Laurent, Czechoslovakia was "indeed a frightening case history of Communist totalitarianism in action." What would he say of Cambodia?

Kitchener, Ont. BEN STEIDMAN

Up with the DAR

It is unforgivable at this point in time that an informed journalist should refer

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to the DAR as a genealogical society, as Mr. Michael Barton does ["Up from the DAR," Oct. 28]. It used to be fashionable to deride the organization in his terms, thanks to the liberal press and others inimical to the historical, patriotic, and educational objectives of our society.

If *Roots* is responsible for a new fad, will you please be kind and make an effort to instill in the minds of your good readers that the DAR is a large patriotic society, chartered by the Congress of the United States, and dedicated to the preservation of this nation as a constitutional republic. Peruse if you will an issue of our magazine and, although you may not agree with all of our viewpoints, you will observe that our participation in the efforts to preserve constitutional principles and liberties is not without purpose.

Cocoa, Fla. TALITHA C. JAMIESON

Light-Bearer

Joseph Rehyansky, in his review of Dr. Raymond Moody's book, *Life after Life* [Sept. 2], gives an outline of the experiences of "150 people who have been clinically dead and subsequently revived." I cannot fault Dr. Moody; "he seems," Rehyansky tells us, "just as disturbed by what he has been told as any reader." Indeed, I believe these amazing accounts.

Ah, but the interpretation! Even though absolutely real to them, are their experiences spiritual reality or are they spiritual counterfeits?

Satan is a counterfeit God. The Bible says that he has "power" to perform "signs and lying wonders." If he can deceive people into believing his counterfeit signs and wonders, he has won the battle for their souls. We know that "the god of this world [Satan] has blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine into them." The blinding occurs when one believes either that there is no life after death, or that if there is (as in this book), there is no judgment, no wrath, no punishment.

There is no middle ground between believing or not believing all the Word of God. This "educational" "being of light" that the 150 saw gave "serenity . . . fulfillment, warmth, love, acceptance" but nothing "fearsome, judgmental . . ." It is then in direct conflict with the Word of God, which says: "Vengeance belongs unto Me, I will recompense. . . . The Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

No wonder the "being of light's" educating stopped after his Mr. Warmth performance that was supposed "to supply a perspective for the *promise* of what follows . . . What follows *no one knows*." A knowledgeable Christian *does* know.

Tulsa, Okla. MARSHALL E. NOLAN

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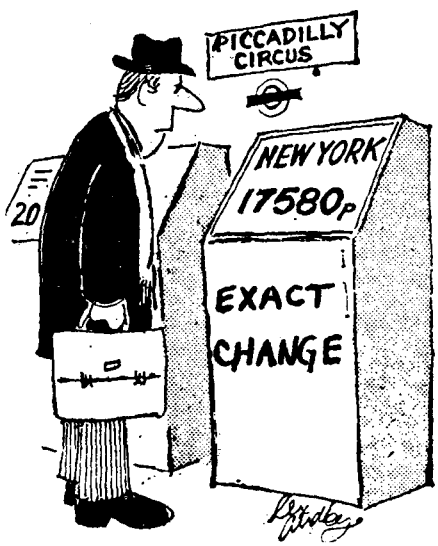
FOR THE RECORD

■ Some summings-up of the year just ended; some expectations of the years ahead. A *U.S. News* poll shows that 54 per cent of the people think **Jerry Brown** is **Jimmy Carter**'s most likely Democratic rival in 1980, with every other Democrat on the list way down: **Edward Kennedy** 5 per cent, **Daniel Moynihan** 4 per cent, **Frank Church** 2 per cent. . . . Among likely Republican contenders **Howard Baker** leads a more closely packed field, with 25 per cent, followed by **Gerald Ford** 15 per cent, **Ronald Reagan** 12 per cent, and, bringing up the rear, Gov. **Jim Thompson** (Ill.) 6 per cent, **John Connally** 3 per cent, Sen. **Robert Dole** 2 per cent. . . . A **Republican National Committee** mailing to 1.2 million of the faithful (nearly 600,000 responded) shows Republicans seriously displeased with a number of Carter initiatives: 84 per cent opposed the **South Korea** troop withdrawals; 84 per cent opposed cancellation of **B-1 bomber** production; 96 per cent opposed any kind of U.S. assistance to **Cambodia**, **Vietnam**, or **Cuba**. . . . Who were the men most admired by Americans at year's end? Jimmy Carter, 1; **Anwar Sadat**, 2; and **Hubert Humphrey**, 3. Tied at ninth place were **Bob Hope** and **Pope Paul VI**. . . . Among the women, the big three were: **Rosalynn Carter**, **Golda Meir**, and **Anita Bryant**.

■ Ronald Reagan's running-mate, **Richard Schweiker**, is losing friends on the Left. His **ADA** rating in 1977 dropped from 80 to 15 per cent. . . . And **Ralph Nader**'s (consumerist) **Public Citizen** reports that Schweiker voted Nader's way only 35 per cent of the time last year, as against 75 per cent a year earlier. . . . Other Public Citizen ratings: Four Democrats, Sens. Kennedy (Mass.), **Clark** (Iowa), **Hart** (Colo.), and **Sarbanes** (Md.) got the top consumerist



Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

ratings; four Republicans, Sens. **Tower** (Tex.), **Curtis** (Neb.), and **Hansen** and **Wallop** (Wyo.), the lowest.

■ In the important new Senate committee assignments, it now looks as if **Warren Magnuson** will replace the late **John McClellan** as chairman of the Appropriations Committee. Magnuson, an old-line liberal, has a 70 ADA rating. . . . McClellan's death moves Teddy Kennedy up the line toward chairman of Judiciary, which is why, Washington says, Jimmy Carter has urged Sen. **James Eastland** (who is just ahead of Kennedy in seniority) to run again next November. . . . **Howard Cannon**, a moderate, is expected to succeed Magnuson as chairman of the Commerce Committee. . . . Sen. **Orrin Hatch** (R., Utah) promises to take the lead in an effort to knock out the House-passed Labor Reform Act. The bill, he says, "is the first of a series of measures to repeal right-to-work and to force unionization upon the South." . . . Also expected: a fight by a number of congressmen to roll back the new, high **Social Security** taxes that will start taking effect in January 1979—after the next congressional elections. Some on the Hill fear bad political repercussions when the size of the new tax bite is realized.

■ Watch the Republican National Committee meeting Jan. 20 for a sampling of the relative Right-Left strength there. Conservatives are running a black New York lawyer, **Gloria Toote**, against **Bill Brock**'s handpicked co-chairman, liberal **Mary Crisp**. Mary Crisp attacked Ronald Reagan last year for "draining money away" from the National Committee through his Citizens for the Republic operations. . . . On the hustings: President **George Roche** of Hillsdale College (now on leave) has made it official: he will run for the Senate seat that **Robert Griffin** will be vacating in November. . . . In New Jersey, former *NR* staffer and Reagan aide **Jeff Bell** has announced against **Clifford Case** in the Republican senatorial primary. . . . And there's a crowded field already in Virginia where Republican **William Scott** has announced he will retire. Among the leading Republicans, former Navy Secretary **John Warner** (**Liz Taylor**'s husband), former Gov. **Linwood Holton**, and former GOP national co-chairman **Richard Obenshain**. The most prominent Democrat in the race is former Virginia Attorney General **Andrew Miller**. (Virginia is important to the GOP. It is the only Southern state not to have elected a Democrat as governor or senator in ten years.)

■ And in London, there were gloomy faces at the meeting of the delegates from the 15 signatory nations to the **Antarctic Treaty**. They fear that an influx of tourists—six hundred at one base last year—will upset Antarctica's delicate ecological balance.

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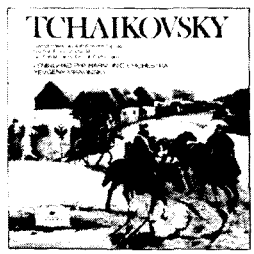

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THE WEEK

■ "Vietnam, Cambodia Edging toward War" (*Washington Post*, Wednesday, January 4). In the interest of neutrality, both sides should receive all the very latest weapons.

■ The Supreme Court has ruled 5 to 4 that a judge can order a telephone company to assist federal law enforcement officials in installing devices to record outgoing calls from a targeted phone. At issue was whether such devices—they're called pen registers—might be used illegally to monitor conversations on the suspect's phone. In overruling a lower court, the Supreme Court bought the argument that any law enforcement officer using the pen register for unauthorized wiretapping was already, under law, subject to "severe criminal sanctions and civil liability," and that, consequently, no further restrictions need be placed over its use by court order. The assumption is that the courts are around to protect individual rights, which include the safety of life, limb, and property, from those who conspire against them.

■ The defeat of two anti-busing candidates, Louise Day Hicks and Pixie Palladino, in the Boston municipal elections last fall has led to some speculation in the Northeastern press that busing is dying as an issue. But as columnist Kevin Phillips points out, Boston is no longer a very good test case. The busing fight has gone on so long and so heatedly there that the antibusing movement has divided into several factions, and their numbers have been cut by "white flight." In various other cities, the issue is far from dead. In Atlanta, parents—and a U.S. district judge—are up in arms about a plan for metropolitan-area-wide busing. In Dayton, Columbus, and Cincinnati, Ohio, schools have been pushed to the financial brink: voters, outraged by busing plans, have rejected one school-funding initiative after another. In Los Angeles, a poll found 56 per cent of those questioned favoring boycotts, private schools, or other forms of non-compliance. NBC-News and Gallup polls that were taken last fall in several cities across the country indicated that sentiment is running around 5 to 1 against busing.

■ Representative James Scheuer (D., N.Y.) offers an illuminating footnote to the UN's mid-December censure of Israel for trading with South Africa. Black Africa, according to Scheuer, is infinitely more enmeshed in the South African economy than Israel. Of South Africa's $14.5-billion export-import trade, only $50 million involves trade with Israel, compared to the $1.5 billion in trade that South Africa conducts with black Africa. Among those African countries that voted to censure Israel, no fewer than 13—Angola, Botswana, Chad, Congo, Gabon, Ghana, Lesotho, Malagasy Republic, Mauritius, Mozambique, Nigeria, Senegal, and Zambia—have trading relationships with their white neighbor. A final irony: The Soviet Union, the mastermind of the resolution, has a thriving business selling South Africa more than half of the arms it imports for private sale.

■ Addressing a Sunday crowd at New York's Riverside Church, Andrew Young observed that human rights have different meanings for different countries. The civil, political, and spiritual definitions applied in the U.S. simply may not be relevant to all countries, said Young, and he cited the Soviet Union's economic interpretation of human rights as one alternative. He added: "We [the U.S.], unfortunately, have been very reluctant to accept the concept of economic responsibility for all our citizens." He didn't add that we have been accepting economic responsibility for Russian hunger since the weather started to go bad there in 1917.

■ It was a simple idea: create in the United Nations a post for a High Commissioner for Human Rights, who would investigate alleged rights violations and serve as a mediator when allegations were challenged. But by such parliamentary legerdemain as is so regularly practiced in that temple of idealism, the proposal was shunted aside—again. This was not a parochial Western attempt to bulldoze an Ivy League human rights resolution through the UN either: its sponsors were the smaller countries of Western Europe, plus Costa Rica, Senegal, and Venezuela; and it had been discussed at every session since it was first suggested in 1965. Most countries in the UN say they favor human rights, of course—so none could vote against the resolution. Instead, a coalition of Communist, Caribbean, Arab, and African countries offered its own resolution—to postpone a vote on

Admiral Turner Cleans House

The tablets tell us Hammurabi
Hired many spies;
The prudent Ozymandias found
Double-dealing wise.
The British like to poke around, while
Frenchmen love to peek.
(Italian spies prefer to feel un-
Til you holler, Eeek!)
The Soviets are famous for their
Burly KGB.
But in the land of Nathan Hale, our
Agents get the knee.

W. H. VON DREELE

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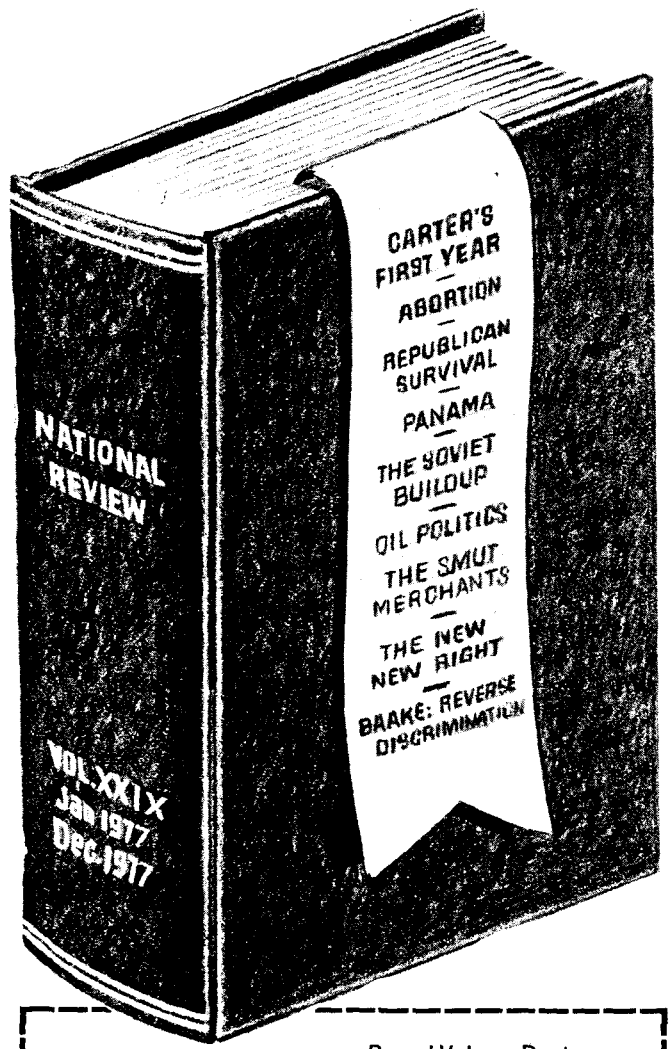

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In the dead days of December, the Administration rounded off its first calendar year in office on a distinguished note, with a bit of bodice-snapping by young Hamilton Jordan and an hilarious string of Polish jokes by his boss that turned Johnny Carson's monologue writers green with envy. Needless to say, these marvelous events are the talk of the town; and since there's nothing else to do at the end of December, several of my colleagues and I have rehearsed them exhaustively over gallons of grog. Herewith, as John Osborne might say, a few of our conclusions.

One of my more charitable colleagues takes the view that Jordan's performance is much misunderstood. It is apparently true that he peered into the décolletage of the wife of the Egyptian ambassador, commented on the beauty of the pyramids, and then with a locker-room comment lurched off toward the men's room to off-load a considerable cargo of what some believe to have been an infelicitous mixture of Kickapoo Juice and Billy Beer. The knee-jerk reaction of most effete Washingtonians has been to condemn poor Jordan out of hand as a boorish bumpkin who can't handle his booze.

My colleague, however, sees it differently. Jordan, he maintains, is clearly a sensitive lad of scholarly bent who has been victimized by a combination of circumstances. The problem, he says, was an obvious one. Jordan, keenly interested in history, had come to the dinner party with Napoleon's famous comment to the Army of Egypt very much in mind: "Think of it, soldiers; from the summit of these pyramids, forty centuries look down on you." Now, there are difficulties with this explanation. For one thing, Jordan would have had to wriggle himself into a most unusual position to have the objects of his scholarly interest looking *down* on him. But there may be a basic confusion here, one perhaps endemic to this Administration. President Carter, for instance, is forever saying he intends to bring federal spending *down*, when he clearly means *up*.

Further, there is the matter of *centuries*. The objects of Jordan's scrutiny are, while certainly mature, in no way ancient. But here the problem is clearly a matter of the deficiencies in our educational system. Jordan, it is apparent, simply confused centuries with *centimeters*. Had he known French, of course, there would have been no problem, since "*quarante siècles*" is unambiguous. But young Americans, unfortunately, tend to be linguistically disadvantaged.

This may sound farfetched to some, for forty *centimeters* do not exactly a Gibson Girl make. But the blame here lies with the failure of our schools to instruct students in the metric system. To the metrically disadvantaged, a centimeter sounds like a lot of inches, just as a centipede sounds like a lot of feet.

Another colleague inclines toward a somewhat similar view. Jordan, he believes, is a self-taught literary man, and he brought to the party an imagination all aflame with phrases like Dryden's "whole pyramids of sweetmeats." Again, there's a problem here, for, taken in context, Dryden's phrase isn't one, as the late Professor S. T. Agnew put it, to provoke prurient paroxysms of passion. But it must be kept in mind that Jordan, like many other Carter staffers, is a country boy who suffers from the deficiencies of the self-taught, as witness, for instance, his inability to pronounce his own last name.

Both of these theories are attractive and highly plausible. But, unfortunately, we must reject them, for they fail to take into consideration the activities of The Sinister Force. It was that Sinister Force, you will remember, that was correctly identified by the statesman Alexander Haig as the agent of erasure in the famous 18½-minute-tape-gap episode. It was, perhaps, the most enduring accomplishment—some say the *only* accomplishment—of the Nixon Administration that it identified this force, which is believed to live in a large Xerox machine in the White House compound.

The activities of The Sinister Force were detailed in this column a year ago. Among other things, it caused Gerald Ford to bump his head so frequently that today it is rumored he carries a permanent bruise on his forehead, much like Anwar Sadat's prayer mark. The Sinister Force is best remembered, however, for two incidents: it caused Gerald Ford to tell what was until recently the world's best Polish joke during the second presidential debate; and it forced candidate Carter to tell *Playboy* that he lusted inwardly after our womenfolk.

Thus, the pattern is obvious. The Sinister Force especially loves all matters lustful and Polish. Jordan was forced to articulate lustful thoughts. And in Warsaw, The Force brilliantly combined lust with Polishness, causing Mr. Carter to assert, "I desire the Poles carnally." There was, to be sure, an attempt by those desperate to cover up the activities of The Force to blame the interpreter. But anyone familiar with recent White House history knows where the blame actually lies. —CATO

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the issue. The Soviets said the original proposal "lacked clarity." The Third World delegates objected that it would violate their states' sovereignty. The East Europeans said it would duplicate the work of the Geneva-based Human Rights Commission (nothing plus nothing makes nothing). Still, the resolution to postpone passed, 62 to 49, with 21 abstentions, shelving the issue for at least another year.

■ The referendum on the Pinochet government in Chile will probably achieve the opposite of its intended effect. In the first place, its wording was almost comically tendentious: "In the face of the international aggression unleashed against the government of the homeland, I support President Pinochet in his defense of the dignity of Chile, and I reaffirm the legitimacy of the republic to conduct in a sovereign way the process of the institutionalization of the country." The referendum was called, over much opposition within the governing junta, in response to a harsh UN resolution, backed by the U.S., censuring Chile. There is no doubt that a huge international political warfare operation has been launched against Chile—which is freer than any Communist and perhaps most Third World countries. But the language in which the referendum issue is couched will offend the intelligence of many Chileans and, whatever the result of the voting, will vitiate the effect abroad. Had Pinochet called for a referendum—a simple yes or no on his

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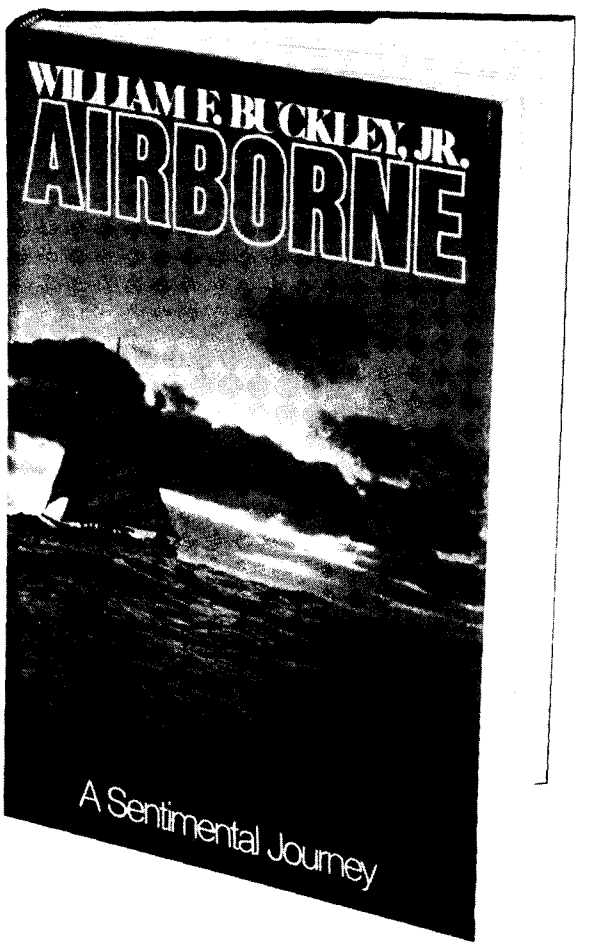

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regime—a year after Allende's overthrow, he would in the opinion of many have achieved a landslide. Today, the political effect is dubious.

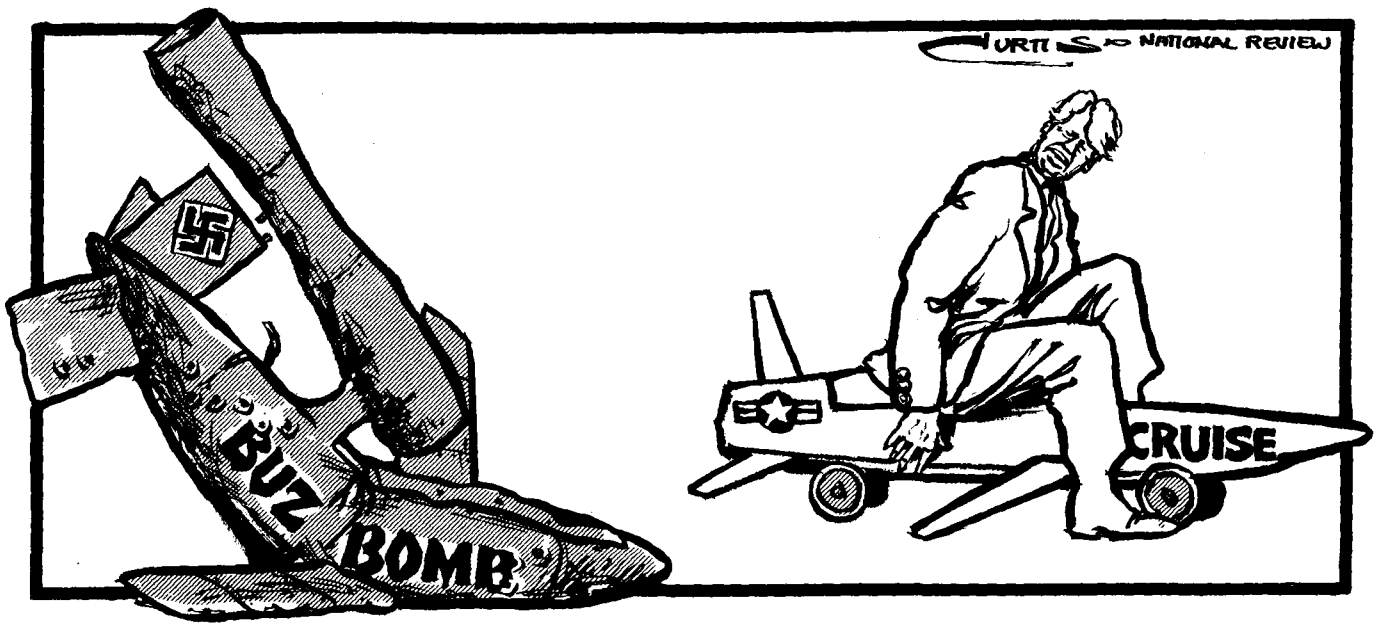
■ Fidel Castro is stonewalling it on Cuba's involvement in Africa, and the Carter Administration isn't happy. "Our relations with Africa—*that* we can't discuss, *that* we can't negotiate," said Fidel before Christmas, about the same time Carter spokesmen were presenting figures on Cuba's increasing African presence. It appears that Carter may make at least partial Cuban withdrawal a precondition of improved relations between Cuba and the U.S., which means that all those American businessmen hunkering down in Havana may have to wait to draw easily on those Cuban cigars.

■ Excepting the minuscule Monaco, San Marino, and Liechtenstein, Switzerland is the only country in the world that has chosen *not* to join the UN. Now Swiss Foreign Minister Pierre Graber is trying to change that, telling his countrymen that Switzerland ought to join if only to enlarge its trade contacts. While a majority of the Swiss parliament is said to favor entry, Graber will have his problems getting approval from Swiss voters, who, according to polls, believe the world body 1) is mostly talk, 2) worsens conflicts rather than settles them, and 3) costs too much money.

■ Among the political prisoners Marshal Tito released the other day was Franc Miklavcic, a retired judge who had served two and a half years for "hostile propaganda." Miklavcic should have known better than to publish an article defending the role of the Christian Socialists in the anti-Nazi resistance thirty years earlier. As everyone in Yugoslavia knows, only Tito and his Communist partisans fought the Nazis, and anyone so perverse as to claim otherwise gets sent to jail. So it goes i Europe's showcase Communist state. French and Italia socialist resistance voters please note.

■ "No one understands, really understands, the role o this thousand-year kingdom [Hungary], this nation wh vested its rulers as late as 1916 in a garment woven b the wife of St. Stephen nine hundred years before, no on really knows this people who does not understand th meaning of the Sacred Crown of St. Stephen. When the American businessman Robert Voegeler was released by the Communists, the Russians tried to exchange him for the Crown. They failed. It rests somewhere in safekeeping, perhaps in Fort Knox. The Hungarians believe that no government can last long that does not possess the crown, not simply symbolically but physically. . . . Here is no ordinary crown. Given [to] the land by Pope Sylvester in the year 1000, it was later built up by a headband encrusted with sapphires and enamel plaques on which are carved the saints. On its top is a globe capped by a cross and beneath is the figure of the Savior reposing; He is surrounded by the sun, the moon, and two trees. Below are the apostles. Until 1945 all Hungarian Courts issued their verdicts 'In the name of the Sacred Hungarian Crown.' . . . Not ten days ago the image of that ancient Crown, symbol of Hungarian liberty, promise of Hungarian independence, appeared everywhere in the streets of Budapest. Children carried tommy guns and crosses in their hands, the Crown of St. Stephen in their hearts. Let us think long on this Crown, we who protest this morning and who appeal to the President for action in the United Nations."—Frederick Wilhelmsen, *NR*, December 1, 1956.

■ Are we over-regulated? Consider the case of Bill Stanton of Chicago who couldn't get the police, the



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local zoo, the animal welfare department, the department of conservation, or the dog catcher to remove a skunk that had taken up residence in his garage. Mr. Stanton then bought a trap and caught the skunk, for which action he has now been charged a) for illegally bringing a trap into Chicago, b) for illegal use of a trap in Chicago, c) for illegal use of a trap without a license in Chicago. He has also been informed that d) it is illegal to keep a skunk in captivity, e) illegal to release it (lest it be rabid), and f) illegal to kill it. But the police, the local zoo, the animal welfare department, the department of conservation (which leveled all the above a), b), c), d), e), and f) charges against Mr. Stanton), still refuse to take the skunk off his hands. Says Stanton: "It made me feel like the skunk has more rights than I have."

■ Had to happen. Mzz Melissa Ludtke, a reporter for *Sports Illustrated*, is bringing a federal suit against the New York Yankees, the American League, baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn, and the city of New York because she has been excluded from major league locker rooms and hence deprived of the opportunity to cover baseball to the same extent as male reporters. She has been locked out, you see, "solely because of her sex," in the words of a *New York Times* reporter. Another way to put it is that she was locked out because of the *players*' sex: Do male reporters enter the dressing rooms of (say) female tennis players? Of course it would be possible for a consensus to emerge that a reporter is in a quasi-clinical relation to locker-room subjects, like a nurse in a hospital, so that normal rules of modesty would be suspended for the nonce. But until that happens, we hope the courts will hold that the Fourteenth Amendment doesn't give anyone the presumptive right to peek at anyone else's tallywhacker.

■ An unusually somber Idi Amin Dada reveals that Uganda is beset with venereal disease, which affliction, he says, was brought into the country by the British and is transmitted by eating infected Englishmen. Amin has declared war on the disease, pronouncing it illegal "to do any act which would lead to the spread of venereal disease," such as dining on Englishmen or on Ugandans who already had done so. Just exactly how offenders will be punished Amin is not announcing until he feels better.

■ DUE PROCESS NOTES. Lost, stolen, or turned loose: one German Shepherd, in Laredo, Texas, member in good standing of the federal drug enforcement team, trained to sniff dope and likely to take a piece out of your leg if he smells some; unlikely to read you your constitutional rights first.

Awards

Like a bulldog, Robert Dole
Battles Carter for control
Of the crown St. Stephen wore
Leading Magyars off to war.
Jimmy Carter seems to feel
He should give Kadar a deal,
Since he's quiet as a mouse—
Just like Good King Wenceslas.

W. H. VON DREELE

Jimmy McGovern

No matter how flawed his performance in other areas, the Administration's defense budget for fiscal year 1979 confirms that Jimmy Carter has total competence in at least one area, the art of pre-emptive concessions. Carter, to the delight of his Office of Management and Budget, has approved a defense budget of $126 billion, which, when inflation is taken into account, represents a minuscule increase of 2 per cent over last year's defense appropriations. Aside from pleasing OMB, which emerged triumphant over the Pentagon and our NATO allies (both of which had received U.S. guarantees of an increase of at least 3 per cent), the new budget also contained a present for the Administration's National Security Council. Carter vetoed the Pentagon's request for full-scale development funds for the MX, the mobile missile that the NSC feared would upset the strategic balance and the Pentagon hoped would replace the immobile Minuteman missile, which is becoming increasingly vulnerable to super-heavy Soviet missiles.

In the past, before Carter hit upon his strategy of something for nothing, he proposed to make a deal with the Soviets: the U.S. would halt its MX program if the Soviets would reciprocate by halting their own mobile missile program and curbing their production of other missiles that pose a threat to the U.S. land-based force. The Soviets never responded to the Carter initiative, and now Carter, reportedly jittery over the effect the MX might have on the SALT negotiations, has chosen to reward their reserve by virtually shelving the MX program. As for the Soviets, they just keep plodding along. Their own mobile missile, the SS-20, is off the drawing boards and in position in eastern Russia, in range of China. The Soviets plan to deploy future SS-20s in central and western Russia. Furthermore, the Soviets are on the verge of converting the SS-20 into an intercontinental missile (SS-16) by adding a third stage—and thereby bring the U.S. in range.

There is plenty of precedent for the Administration's MX concession. Last June Carter canceled the B-1

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bomber in exchange for nothing but Russian smiles. He sweetened his "tough" decision with assurances that he was going to speed up production of the cruise missile. In the months since then the cruise missile has also had its wings clipped—the new defense budget has no funds for the sea-launched cruise missile—and, despite White House promises to NATO, Carter's SALT negotiators are reported to be ready to deny NATO the cruise missile as the price of a SALT treaty. As for the neutron bomb, Carter has postponed further development pending a decision by our Western European allies to permit it to be based in their countries. If the Administration does come up with a SALT treaty, the neutron bomb could very well become a casualty of the spirit of brotherhood that will undoubtedly accompany the treaty.

Giving credit where it is due, the Carter budget did find one costly project worth developing: the Navy's F-18 fighter plane, which the Navy is not all that keen about. Aware that it faced a difficult time from OMB, the Navy was prepared to abandon the F-18, which is still in development, in favor of a mix of F-14 fighters and A-7 light attack aircraft, both of which are already under production and could mean a saving of $700 million over the F-18 through the next five years. But despite its cost and despite its reputed inferiority to the F-14, the F-18 had three things going for it: Ted Kennedy, Edward Brooke, and Tip O'Neill, guardian angel of the Carter energy policy. Engines for the F-18, as it happens, are produced in Lynn, Massachusetts. With the support of the OMB and Defense Secretary Brown, the Navy was overruled. The new budget calls for sharp cutbacks in the F-14 and production of five F-18 fighters. Mr. Carter is as adept at pork-barrel politics as he is at concessions to the Russians.

Middle East: Remember Jerusalem

In the foreground, of course, are Sadat and Begin, accepting a loud ovation as the first act ends. More visible all the time, however, are the Palestinians, moving onto the stage with their demands for territory and some sort of autonomy. Waiting impatiently in the wings, hoping for their cue, are the radical Arabs: Libya, Algeria, and their comrades throughout the Arab world. The Soviet Union, for the time being, is an actor in search of a role. But the most important figure in this scene, who so far has spoken only a few lines and very quietly, looms in the middle distance, large and serious against a desert landscape.

In the denouement, no settlement is feasible which is not satisfactory to Saudi Arabia, the conservative Moslem economic giant in the area; the Saudis possess the power to ruin the Egyptian economy, hobble the United States, bring Western Europe to its knees. And that, in turn, means not only a satisfactory settlement of the Palestinian question, but a settlement on the status of East Jerusalem. The Palestinian question, though difficult, looks to be negotiable through some formula involving the West Bank. But the Saudis, as they have repeatedly said, will never accept a settlement that leaves East Jerusalem, containing one of Islam's most sacred shrines, under exclusive Israeli control (see Malachi Martin, "Out of This World," page 95). If anything, Jerusalem is even more important to the devout Saudis than are the Palestinians. In Saudi pronouncements it is usually Jerusalem—not the Sinai, not the West Bank—that receives the greatest stress. From the perspective of Riyadh, it is simply irrelevant that the Israelis have administered the Old City efficiently and fairly—which they manifestly have—restored buildings, admitted visitors.

Oddly enough, this aspect of the Middle East problem has received very little media attention, perhaps because a secularized media cannot perceive a religious commitment of this nature, cannot take it seriously. But it is serious. The Jerusalem issue is there, it will be difficult and emotional, and the Saudis—enjoying a special, indeed vital relationship to the U.S.—have the power to ensure that the Jerusalem issue will not fade away.

Quite Contrary

Mzz Mary Berry, in case you don't know her by now, is Assistant Secretary for Education in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. A few weeks back she went to China for eight days and returned to the U.S. to talk about the wonders she had beheld there. She was specially impressed, she told a Chicago audience, by the way the Chinese have handled ethnicity in education. They are moving "rationally and realistically" by having outright regional and ethnic quotas "in a field that has led to confusion and near-hysteria here." They have "set the pattern for the world to follow," she added, by getting the students to work on farms and factories. She conceded that their experience "may not, in every instance, be directly applicable here. But," she continued, "the direction of their overall policy—in terms of access to education as well as of redefinition of education as something inextricably linked to the other aspects of human life—should, I believe, represent our basic direction also." As for that ethnic stuff, "The Chinese talk about this in a much more straightforward way than we do. They don't talk about 'affirmative action' and 'reverse discrimination.' . . . I tried to explain to them the difference between quotas and goals, but they couldn't follow all that. They have a healthy attitude toward disadvantagement [sic]. It's 'Let's have quotas to make sure we have a percentage of different groups [in universities].'

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They're not concerned about the subtleties like [sic] we have to be."

She issued another subtlety by distinguishing between American "career education" and the "actual useful productive work" done by Chinese children and teenagers, who are engaged in manufacture of merchandise. "Obviously we have no intention of putting six-year-olds to work here," she said. (Whew!) But "there's nothing wrong in having schoolchildren making something useful and selling it. They could use the money for extra things in the schools." She had one bone to pick: the Chinese believe in *tests*. "I tried to warn them of the pitfalls, but to no avail."

All this was reported by Lawrence Steinberg of the *Washington Post*, to the merriment of the *Wall Street Journal* and the consternation of Albert Shanker of the American Federation of Teachers. For Shanker the lesson was that "there is a compatibility between the politics of selection by quota and the politics of totalitarianism that should cause us to be repelled by both." To which Mzz Berry replied: "I do hope . . . that we have moved far enough from the anti-Communist crusade of the 1950s to feel secure enough to consider ideas, whatever their country of origin." Such is the mind that sits at the apex of the American educational system: our schoolmarm-in-chief.

While the Carter Administration was bemused by goals and child labor, a scandal erupted in New York City with the disclosure that semi-literate teachers have been hired under a federal "decentralization" program that abolished the old merit system. One second-grader, for instance, came home and asked her father what the opposite of a frog was. Convinced that the child had misunderstood the assignment, he asked the teacher to set him straight; and was assured for his pains that "the opposite of frog is tadpole." Here's hoping Joe Califano may soon hit on the opposite of Mary Berry.

"When the Administration began streamlining the bureaucracy, I lost my job with HEW."

Strange Stuff in Poland

It was not surprising that Poland should come early in President Carter's foreign tour. Poland, a Communist dictatorship, represents a considerable improvement over all of its Warsaw Pact neighbors with respect to human freedom. Not least important, Poles enjoy a substantial degree of religious freedom. Perhaps its Communist rulers would crush the Church if they could; but they cannot, or, at least, the political and economic costs would be prohibitive.

What *was* surprising, however, was the things Carter actually said at his press conference after a few hours in Warsaw.

As in the case of President Nixon's fulsome comments in Peking in 1972, Carter's statements raised the problem of diplomatic hyperbole. Just what is the boundary of the rhetorically permissible for a democratic leader?

President Carter actually said the following things in Warsaw.

"Our concept of human rights is preserved in Poland." *Elaboration:* "Our concept of human rights is preserved in Poland, as I've said, much better than other European nations with which I'm familiar."

The fact is that in Poland nothing can be printed legally without the explicit permission of the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party. Not one line of type can be set by licensed printing plants without the Central Committee's small black stamp of approval.

Censorship is governed by a seven-hundred-page manual listing every word, idea, or fact that cannot appear in print. That Czech rivers empty industrial waste into Polish rivers, for example, cannot appear in print. Nor can export-import trade figures. Criticism of Marxist ideology is outlawed. Permission to travel abroad is difficult to obtain and capricious. The economy has a high degree of central direction and is ultimately subject to Russian exigencies. In the approaching Soviet oil crunch of the early 1980s, Poland will early feel the pinch. In the event of a war against the West, Poland would be a Soviet-tank staging area.

Is it rhetorically permissible for the President to say that this represents "our concept of human rights"?

Is it rhetorically permissible for him to say that so far as he can see there are no "disharmonies of any significance . . . between the Poles and the Soviet Union"?

Polish Communist Party Chief Edward Gierek is re-

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ported to be relatively popular; by contrast, that is, with other Communist officials. But does anyone imagine that, without the backing of Soviet power, he would last one day in office? The Soviets put the Communist regime there, and they keep it there by force.

It is worth noting that Communist rulers, when they address a Western audience, always speak of the "American people," or the "French people": thus carefully distinguishing "people"—whom they claim to represent—from non-Communist "governments"—which they consider illegitimate. The leaders of democratic governments, and with much better justification, ought to exercise the same kind of rhetorical precision.

The Good Grey and the CIA

For a while there, it looked as if the *New York Times*' journalistic answer to Son of Sam was the CIA. Over the last fortnight, the *Times* has: run a three-part series on the CIA's use (for information, and for covers) of American and foreign news media; given extensive coverage to the hearings of the House intelligence subcommittee on the same subject; run a piece on similar CIA operations on college campuses; and editorially declared itself appalled by it all. Concerning which, a few thoughts.

—If the First Amendment is forced to engorge many more areas of concern, it will die of indigestion. Earlier this season, a professor at the Harvard Law School announced that the Amendment was "designed" to protect such things as *Screw*. Now, the *Times* discovers, "American readers have a right to assurance that the journalists they trust for information are not in any sense accountable to unseen paymasters." The phrase "in any sense" is crucial here since, on the *Times*' own showing, the CIA used its American covers and contacts not to distort American news, but to gather information—a relationship entered into without qualms in such countries as England and France. In some instances, the reporter's journalistic and intelligence activities were not even parallel: one *Times* music stringer was also head of the CIA station in Bonn (the *Times* booted him anyway, fearing perhaps some slant in his position on Mahler). If a paper wishes, as a matter of policy, to be purer than the vestals, that is its privilege, but it should not ascribe its frigidity to the Founding Fathers.

—A similar scrupulosity infects the *Times*' comments on academia. ". . . [W]ith a professor working secretly for the agency. . . . the atmosphere of 'academic freedom' is destroyed. If a professor questions a student to find out his views as a potential espionage agent, it no longer is a 'private academic discussion'; the give and take is gone." The *Times* here confuses the dangers of systematic deceit (whence a college's wariness—or what should be its wariness—in hiring Nazis, Communists, and other professional liars) with the rituals of recruiting. Certainly there are, somewhere, a handful of professors secretly sounding out their students for homosexuality, for the Society of Jesus, for Skull and Bones. Why not for the CIA?

—In all its column-inches of coverage, the *Times* made one reference to reporters who were agents of the KGB. Their operations, it would seem, are a good deal more difficult to crack.

Bad Start

As soon as he got into office, Ed Koch, who became New York's mayor by making the most conservative noises this side of Phyllis Schlafly (some thought he was going to introduce a municipal death penalty), announced he would issue an executive order banning governmental hiring discrimination against homosexuals. "There will be no discrimination permitted over any area in which the government has control on the basis of sex, sexual orientation, race, religion, national origin," said Hizzoner. "I don't think I've left anything out, have I?" Warts. He left out discrimination on the basis of warts.

The accretion of privileged categories gets comical, as Koch's rhetorical question suggests. But why should the new mayor have affronted the moral sensibilities of so many citizens by making his first official act a gesture on behalf of what they consider a perversion or at least a disorder? We see no reason why homosexuality (or warts) should be considered an automatic disqualification for municipal employment. But if anti-homosexual discrimination is a specific problem of any size (and what *is* the homosexual unemployment rate?), a discreet memo to all city departments, a few weeks later, addressed to the particular forms and procedures (whatever they are) by which homosexuals are filtered out would have sufficed.

Charlie Chaplin, R I P

His death, unlike Garrick's, eclipsed no gaiety; the gaiety had long gone out of him, and yet it is there as long as scratchy celluloid can jerk through projectors. He was the first immortal of a medium he never cared much about. He had none of Keaton's fascination with the possibilities, the sheer mechanics, of film, nor Keaton's double awareness of how it was to be and to watch yourself be in a screening room. He was a dancer, a mime, and film was the way at hand to disseminate his art.

A dancer. No one can forget his *pas seul* with the globe of the world, miming an exuberant Hitler (who may have imitated his moustache), nor the shy smile and the little kick that registered his encounter with a rose. Nor—transcendently—the dancing buns on the forks.

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Jimmy's Peaceable Kingdom

Edward Hicks was hooked upon
Painting the phenomenon
Of a lion and a lamb
Sleeping happy as a clam.
Though the Bible says it's so,
I am all for going slow
When the lion's sporting hair
Rather like a Russian bear.

W. H. VON DREELE

When he talked—I once watched him talk, for two hours—expressions flowed over his face in lap dissolve, any type he mentioned instantly mimed, spontaneous as the movement of a Frenchman's hands. "Cover-girl," he chanced to say, and for half a second arms were framing a face crossed with a simper. He was talking dreary talk about John Kennedy's assassination—I've no idea how a cover-girl got into that harangue.

Eventually he got onto a richer topic: what had killed the art in which he flourished. Talk, it seems, had killed it. No, not the actors' voices, those were all right, but the need to pre-script, in a medium where a Mack Sennett story conference had once consisted of: "There's a flood in town—there's a flood in town—there's a flood in town"—followed by an opening of hydrants and everyone improvising; and the need to rehearse, rehearse, for the benefit of the huge crew that had to place mikes and monitor sound levels.

The great scene in *Limelight* was an instance, the one joint appearance ever of Chaplin and Keaton, as it were Shakespeare and Jonson. "We rehearsed it all day," he said; "we rehearsed it to death." It is a bravura sequence, a high sustained comic achievement: Keaton impassive at the piano, sheet music unendingly cascading into his lap, Chaplin distracted from his violin by the fact that one leg has grown inexplicably longer than the other. It grows clear, James Agee wrote, that no universe is conceivable in which these two could give a concert. As that warp in the fabric of reality is patiently demonstrated, audiences everywhere grow helpless with laughter. Yet the scene displeased him by comparison with some platonic idea of itself which had danced before idle cameras while sound men fussed with their amplifiers, and had been dissipated in the endless rehearsals that technology exacted. *Modern Times,* it may be, sprang less from his social conscience (always rudimentary, naïve) than from his displeasure with the studio machinery of the sound men.

His recall of scene after scene was absolute: of the detail for instance in *The Great Dictator* when a man with a flying gadget leaps through the high window, and Chaplin, having scrutinized his catastrophic exit, turns to the Goering-figure with "Why do you waste my time with things like this?" Yes, he remembered it, he was pleased by my pleasure in remembering it; but "I craned forward"—he did so; a hold; "forward again; then out. Three movements. I held that second pause a shade too long."

It's on film; you can check. What you can't check is this. He came in out of the cold, in black coat and fedora, to the hotel where postprandial drinks were scheduled. The coat came off; then, suddenly, "Did you ever see the old man looking at pictures in the art gallery?" No one had. "Watch."

A tiny septuagenarian, perhaps five feet six, he got tinier as he turned toward the French doors. The coat was flung capewise over his back, the hat clutched above it. He was nothing but the back of the coat, and the hat: shrunken: a four-foot dwarf. The back grew eloquent; the hat began to quiver. Left to right he scanned the doorpanes from myopic distance; plainly they were lascivious pictures; the hat shook, moved on, jerked back magnetized. As he scanned, he grew. Invisible arms pushed the hat and coat higher and higher: he was a six-footer, a seven-footer. In the upper right-hand corner of the French doors an especially luscious detail held his gaze. The hat shook, trembled, left, returned, left, returned, paused, sank, rose, mimed an orgasm. *Consummatum.* And Charlie Chaplin, smiling, sprung around, dropped his props, took a bow. None of that's on film. I'll remember it till I die.

—HUGH KENNER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Some scabrous lout has written me a postcard from Israel without providing a return address and thus unfairly avoiding counterattack.

This is the message, in its entirety, the writer a stranger to me:

"Dear John:

First of course 'Shalom!', huh? Next, darn, darn, darn but my new 'The Concise Oxford Dictionary' doesn't carry (perhaps among others) such words as 'yare,' 'pica' (as used by you), 'pygal,' 'porpentine.' 'Glistering,' yes—but hell, you could have used glistening, huh? John, one Bill Buckley is enough.

Shalom!

—S.W. Harris"

I would have begun my reply with the observation that the new Concise Oxford must be very new and

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indeed concise and gone on from there to some dizzying height of sarcasm. Instead, I am drunk with frustration and in such condition have before me two Buckleys.

Shalom!

John McPhee
The New Yorker

Dear Mr. McPhee:
Dear Mr. McPhee: Drunk with *what*?
Drunk with *what*? WFB
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Like all magazines, *New Guard* is always looking for more articles and new contributors. We like to publish the work of YAF members whenever possible, but we are also interested in material by other conservative writers, particularly young conservatives.

I'm writing to request your help in locating prospective new writers for *New Guard*. We would greatly appreciate it if you could pass on manuscripts you may receive which are not suitable for NATIONAL REVIEW but may nevertheless merit publication, or recommend *New Guard* to your prospective contributors.

Thank you very much for your help, and please let me know if there's anything we can do for you.

Season's greetings to all at *NR*.

Sincerely,
David D. Boaz
Editor, *New Guard*
The Magazine of Young Americans for Freedom
Woodland Road
Sterling, Va. 22170

■ Memo to: Unknown, and unknowable, correspondents
From: WFB
Re: A missing briefcase

On December 12, a briefcase crammed full with correspondence for the most part as yet unread (I had been traveling) was lost somewhere between La Guardia Airport and Miami International Airport. Heroic efforts at retrieval have been unavailing. The result: 100 to 150 communications addressed to WFB are scheduled to go unacknowledged and, worse, unread. If you chance to be the author of one of these, pray send a copy.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I would like to know if you have the map to the buried silver. I am willing to help you find it. I live on Eaton's Neck. I am eight years old.

Yours trily,
John Paul Taylor
Eaton's Neck
Northport, N.Y.

Dear John: Your reference to the lost treasure (*Airborne*, page 4) reminds me of a poignant loss. Unhappily, the map is gone. But if you *do* find the treasure, consider this instrument full title to it: it is yours.
Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

I'm enclosing a novel, *Condor*, that a friend of mine, Niels Mortensen, and I have just finished and which Putnam's plans to publish next spring. If, in spite of your horrendous schedule, you could find time to read it and perhaps say something not totally unkind about it, that would be enormously pleasing. Tolstoy it is not, but a light summer read in a hammock it may quite possibly be.

If you find yourself too busy you're too busy, and don't give it another thought.

Do not for a moment feel guilty about the matter or dwell on the many favors I've done you over the years. Such as the blurb that I gave you for your recent little Sea Scout Manual or, going back a bit, the money I lent you as a rather threadbare though promising undergraduate. Or the fact that I was the first to spot the worth—between the lines, of course—of *God & Man at Yale*, and saw it through to publication at Vantage Press.

Or that I introduced you to both G. K. Chesterton and the girl who would subsequently become your wife, got you "in good" with C. B. Luce, personally gave Rowley his first worming, agonized over your brother Fergus' initial veronicas, put up in T. Dwight with your brother's boa constrictor and political views, equally convoluted, honed your spindly vocabulary (viz.: *Querencia*), formed your tiny left hand around its first tenth on the harpsichord, physically protected you in the studio from the smouldering violence of Muhammad Ali, encouraged your first fumbling attempts at navigation ("Buckley, goddammit, leave the moon out of it altogether!"), managed to keep you a member of the Bohemian Club when the elders wanted you sent down for buggery, and, of course, permitted you to speak at our Writers' Conference, a theretofore conclave of first-class authors.

No—do not give any of the above a moment's thought; if you are too busy, I understand and that is that.

And know that if you decide you cannot do this that I shall never think twice about it, and that I shall always remain your fervent, your true, and your loyal acquaintance—

Sincerely,
Barnaby Conrad
Carpinteria, Calif.

Dear Barnaby: Your book is great! Exciting, dramatic, hilarious, gripping, moving! You may quote me! Bill
—WFB

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A Separate Peace?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

I CAN'T REMEMBER as spectacular, intense, and durable a media event in this country as the Sadat-Begin courtship dance, nor one so lavishly adumbrated. The comment (I continue limiting my reference to this country) has been overwhelmingly positive: admiring, hopeful, fascinated, approving, enthusiastic. Those among us who feel that political analysis without a generous dash of curmudgeonly sauce would be too bland to print have reserved their bile for Jimmy Carter. The President, so they scornfully inform us, was caught flatfooted by Sadat's initiative and has had to junk his whole Mideast scenario.

They (let's cite William Safire as an undiluted example) come down hard on what they describe as the Administration's prolonged inability to decide how to respond to Sadat-Begin, and on the churlish "reluctance" (the term widely used) with which it finally played along.

The possibility of a "separate peace" (between Israel and Egypt) has entered prominently into this dialectic. Safire has unleashed his fiercest prose against what he sees as Carter's shameful maneuvers to block the road to a separate peace, and many of his colleagues have been more sedately running the same course. When the Egyptians and Israelis have endured thirty years of suffering, hatred, and bloodshed, only a tainted mind, surely, could fail to welcome their approach to peace and friendship. Multilateral peace is no doubt better than bilateral peace, but, surely, a limited peace is far better than general conflict.

In all the vast commentary on the Mideast turn I have not yet come across one instance of analysis based explicitly on the national interest of the United States. There is plenty of debate about what good and what bad the new situation may hold for Egypt, for Israel especially, for Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, the other Arab states, and the Palestinians. But it seems to be assumed as self-evident that peace in the Mideast, whole or partial, is in accord with our national interest.

It does not take much reflection to show that this assumption is not only less than self-evident but false. Suppose the entire Mideast were at peace—that all the Mideast nations had peaceful, friendly, and cooperative relations with each other. And suppose further that this harmonious community of nations were united in the policy of keeping its oil for its own use and drastically restricting or altogether denying its export to the West. It will not require much argument to conclude that a continuing admixture of hostility and conflict would better serve our national interest than such a peace.

If that seems farfetched, a small modification yields a plausible plot. Suppose our peaceful, cooperating community of Mideast nations were inclined toward the Soviet side of the global equilibrium. Such things happen, we know.

Watch That Gift-Horse

If we take national interest as our guide, what is it that we seek in the Mideast? The list is multiple and diverse; there are all sorts of things we might like our nation to get from its intercourse with the Mideast. But when we talk about "national interest" we usually mean things that are not merely wished for or approved by some or most of the citizens but necessary to the nation's security or survival. In the case of the Mideast, the primary U.S. objectives of this sort would seem to be two.

One, obviously, is oil. For the next couple of decades, the U.S. needs a lot of Mideast oil. The oil is strategically necessary to the U.S. itself and also to the allies that are indispensable to U.S. security. The key Mideast nations for the continuing oil flow are Saudi Arabia —the most critical both for the size of its oil reserves and for its role among the Arab nations—and non-Arab Iran. I will not bother to argue the strategic primacy, for the U.S., of the oil. For the next period, it's Mideast oil or kaput.

The second strategic requirement is resistance to the spread of Soviet power and influence in the Mideast.

Let's return to the question of a separate peace. From the point of view of Israel's national interest, a separate peace with Egypt on any reasonable basis looks good: with its western flank secure, a successful attack from the east would be ruled out for years. And a separate peace must look good also to Egypt, with its economic disarray and its domestic political turmoil just below the surface.

From the point of view of U.S. interest, however, it cannot be said without qualification that a separate peace is desirable. Put the problem at its simplest: If Saudi Arabia seriously disapproved the terms of the separate peace, that peace would be counter to U.S. interest; if Saudi Arabia rejected and opposed the terms, the separate peace might prove a catastrophe for the United States. Rejection of the peace by Saudi Arabia (which would mean, also, by all the other Arab nations, conservative and radical) would a) bring anti-Western moves on the oil front, and b) promote anti-Western tendencies in the Arab nations, thereby opening doors to Soviet penetration.

Not So Simple

If we keep such realities in mind, the behavior of the White House and State Department, for all the stumbles and bumbles, is making a good deal of sense. On the one hand, Carter-Brzezinski-Vance & Co. have got to keep their domestic troops in order—the Israeli domestic lobby, to begin with, and the mass of citizens who are by nature pro-peace, anti-trouble, and turned on by TV spectaculars. On the other hand, they don't want a deal between Begin and Sadat which, however satisfactory it might be to Israel and Egypt, might sour U.S. relations with the key Arab nations and jeopardize overriding U.S. needs and interests.

My aim in these paragraphs is to suggest a so far neglected perspective from which to look at this extraordinary Sadat-Begin episode. So viewed, it seems to me that the White House deserves a somewhat better grade for its performance than it has been getting. □

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S. T. COHEN & E. F. BLACK

SALT and the Public Law

SADLY OBSERVING that there was no hope for a new SALT pact when the old offensive arms agreement ran out on October 3, the *Los Angeles Times* wondered (in a September 5 editorial) how to cope with the Soviets' build-up of "an ominous force of superheavy intercontinental missiles," their "impressive strides in both accuracy and multiple warhead technology," and their creation of "a civil defense program far more ambitious than anything ever contemplated in America." As for moves toward dealing with this growing threat, the editorial concluded:

> There are two ways to do that. One is to build whatever weapons are necessary to preserve the balance. The other is to preserve the balance through arms control agreements. There is no question that the arms-limitation route is by far the better; unfortunately, there is a question as to whether it will be successful.

Five years earlier, the U.S. Congress had ruminated on this issue, in the wake of the SALT-I accords. While it chose not to be skeptical about the possibility of a successful SALT-II agreement on offensive strategic weapons (the ABM Treaty produced by SALT-I had sealed off the defensive area), nevertheless it conveyed to the President, in the form of a Joint Resolution, the "sense of the Congress" that a follow-up offensive arms agreement not leave the U.S. in an "inferior" position. President Nixon signed this Resolution into public law. It behooves us to trace the history of this law and what it implies in today's greatly changed world of strategic nuclear capabilities.

In May 1972, at a summit meeting in Moscow, Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev signed three related documents which constitute the basis for the present strategic balance of power. This "peace package" included an agreement on offensive strategic missiles; a treaty on anti-ballistic missiles (ABMs); and a statement of "Basic Principles of Mutual Relations between the U.S. and the USSR," the latter being, in effect, a "charter for detente."

The offensive arms agreement provided for a ceiling on the number of ICBM and SLBM (submarine-launched ballistic missile) launchers which each side could deploy within the five years covered by the agreement. Although this gave the Soviets, by the U.S. estimate, roughly a 3 to 2 edge in missile launchers, and an alleged 4 to 1 advantage in deliverable missile megatonnage, the U.S. has chosen to view the resulting strategic balance as one of "essential equivalence."

By U.S. proclamation, the ABM Treaty would extend the balance of terror indefinitely into the future by depriving both parties of any nationwide active defense against ballistic missiles, thereby assigning a hostage role to the urban-industrial base of the two countries. The Soviet Union, however, never has accepted this hostage concept.

The declaration of General Principles outlined a code of conduct for the two superpowers to follow as they sought to avoid nuclear war while still engaging in the active, worldwide competition which is inevitable between major nations that hold diametrically opposite views of the relationship of man to the state.

During August and September 1972, both the House and the Senate reviewed these agreements. After a protracted Senate debate led by Senator Fulbright on the one hand and by Senator Jackson on the other, the Congress passed House Resolution 1227. Its most critical points were:

- Approval of the SALT-I offensive missile agreement.
- Guidance for any subsequent negotiations affecting the balance of strategic weapons, i.e., SALT-II.
- Urging the President to seek strategic arms reduction talks which would include the People's Republic of China and other countries as well as the Soviet Union.
- Stating that the success of SALT-I was "dependent upon the preservation of longstanding United States policy that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States should seek unilateral advantage by developing a first-strike potential."

When the Joint Resolution was signed by President Nixon on September 30, 1972, it became Public Law 92-448.

The most substantive congressional considerations of PL 92-448 centered on the so-called "Jackson Amendment,"

General Black, now retired, served as Military Assistant to the Deputy Secretary of Defense during 1959-61 and is a frequent contributor to newspapers and professional journals on international affairs and strategic matters. . . . Mr. Cohen, a nuclear-weapons analyst, has been a consultant to the Los Alamos and Livermore laboratories and to the Defense Department on the SALT-I negotiations.

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or Section 3 of the Law. Noting that SALT-I was an interim agreement, this section concentrated on providing guidelines for any follow-up SALT-II, or "more complete strategic offensive arms agreement." It specified that any subsequent agreement should be based on the principle of *equality* in strategic forces with the USSR. In adopting the Jackson Amendment, the Congress:

- Emphasized that were a satisfactory SALT-II agreement not negotiated before the five-year interim term of SALT-I expired, and were the "survivability of the strategic deterrent forces of the U.S. to be threatened as a result of such failure, this could jeopardize the *supreme national interests* of the United States."
- Urged the President to adhere to the principle of U.S./Soviet equality and not in any future treaty to "limit the U.S. to levels of intercontinental strategic forces inferior to the limits provided for the Soviet Union."
- Considered that the success of any future SALT agreement was "dependent upon the maintenance under present world conditions of a vigorous research and development and modernization program [for U.S. strategic forces] as required by a prudent strategic posture."

Public Law 92-448 remains on the books: a resolve of the Congress which has not been altered or withdrawn since it was enacted. On this basis, one would assume that it remains in force to guide our strategic policies and programs. However, what has disappeared since its enactment five years ago are certain of the global conditions under which it was shaped. It is time, therefore, not only to remind ourselves of its existence, but to review the facts and assess the record as to how well the U.S. has fared under this law. Most critically, we must look squarely at the facts regarding the Soviet Union; for they clearly are not today what we thought they were in 1972.

Soviet calculations show that, for certain conflict situations, present Soviet civil defense plans can reduce casualty levels to around 5 per cent of the total population even after a major nuclear exchange

Winston Churchill once wrote: "However absorbed a commander may be in the elaboration of his own thoughts, it is necessary sometimes to take the enemy into consideration." In a similar vein, apropos of the U.S. view of Soviet nuclear policy, is the twist given to Admiral Perry's immortal phrase: "We have met the enemy and they are us."

At the time of SALT-I and PL 92-448, the United States' immersion in its own policy of mutual assured destruction (MAD) was so complete that it excluded our entertaining the possibility that the USSR conceivably could be operating on different assumptions. That this MAD policy had been mutually embraced was the official conclusion of Henry Kissinger, who stated: "Under virtually no foreseeable circumstances could the United States or the Soviet Union avoid 100 million dead in a nuclear exchange." While neither as specific nor as dramatic in portending levels of megadeaths, PL 92-448 also embraced MAD.

But what about the Russians? Do their assumptions and policies concerning nuclear war parallel our MAD views, or is it possible that their strategic nuclear doctrine has been a product of an entirely different logic? How have they approached the grisly issue of thermonuclear war?

While not denying that nuclear war indeed could have calamitous effects, the Soviets hold that: a) it very well might happen; and b) if it does happen, the Soviet Union not only will survive, but will survive victorious.

We have Brezhnev's admonition to the Russian people.

> . . . it would be extremely dangerous if the opinion became firmly established in public circles that everything is now completely in order and that the threat of war has become illusory.

We have Admiral Shelyag's rejection of Kissinger's view of nuclear war:

> Closely connected with the views on the character of a world war is the question of its consequences. In the West, for instance, it is claimed that humanity, world civilization, would perish in the event of such a war, that everything living on earth would be annihilated. Marxist-Leninists resolutely reject these attempts.
>
> They have always considered and still consider war, all the more so a thermonuclear war, as the greatest calamity for the people. But Communists harbor no sentiments of hopelessness or pessimism.

We have Marshal Krylov's denial of the U.S. concept that in nuclear war there can be no victory:

> The imperialist ideologists are trying to lull the vigilance of the world's people by having recourse to propaganda devices to the effect that there will be no victors in a future nuclear war. Their false affirmations contradict the objective laws of history. . . . Victory in war, if the imperialists succeed in starting it, will be on the side of world socialism. . . .

This enormous disparity in the two sides' fundamental views on thermonuclear war certainly does not contribute toward the "stable international strategic balance" sought in PL 92-448. Instead, it works in the direction of a dangerous instability which could lead to actual nuclear conflict. As an old ethnic joke has it, there came a time when suddenly the polar ice-caps began to melt at a terrifying rate. Scientists predicted that within six months the entire earth would be under water. With this grim prediction, the world's religious leaders began to prepare their followers to meet the hereafter. Various denominations were instructed to pray, repent, atone, and so on until the fateful time came. The Jews, however, were told: "Jews of the world, you have six months to learn to live under water."

So the Soviet leadership, though hardly known for any religious addictions, has been warning that "the danger of war remains a grim reality of our times" (to quote the late Defense Minister Marshal Grechko). And it has been pre-

(Continues on page 88)

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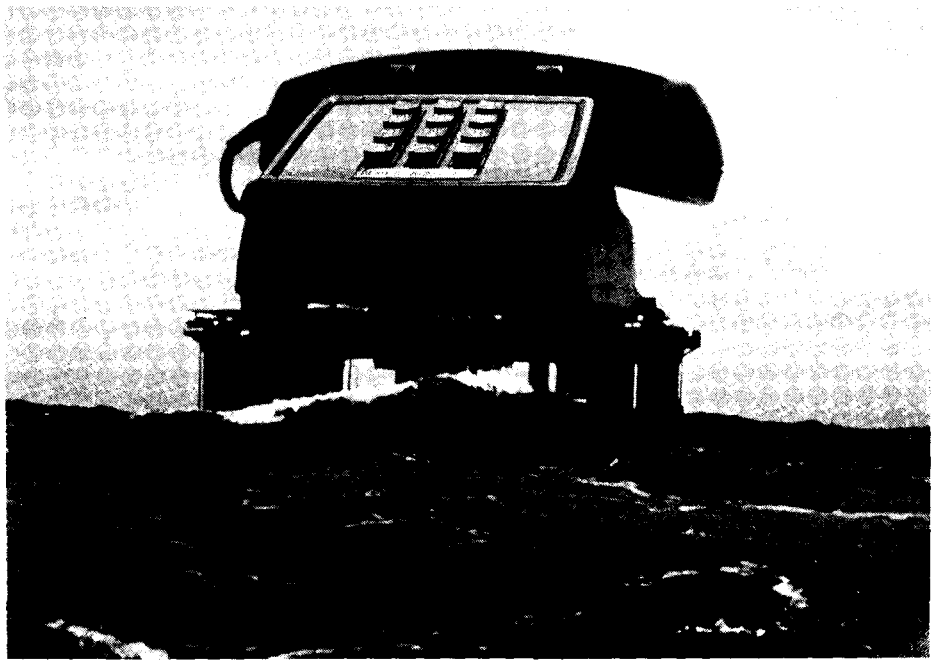
A report on a matter of public interest:

How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.



Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary to design and manufacture the basic communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable *and* recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. New, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new

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microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

• On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.

• In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

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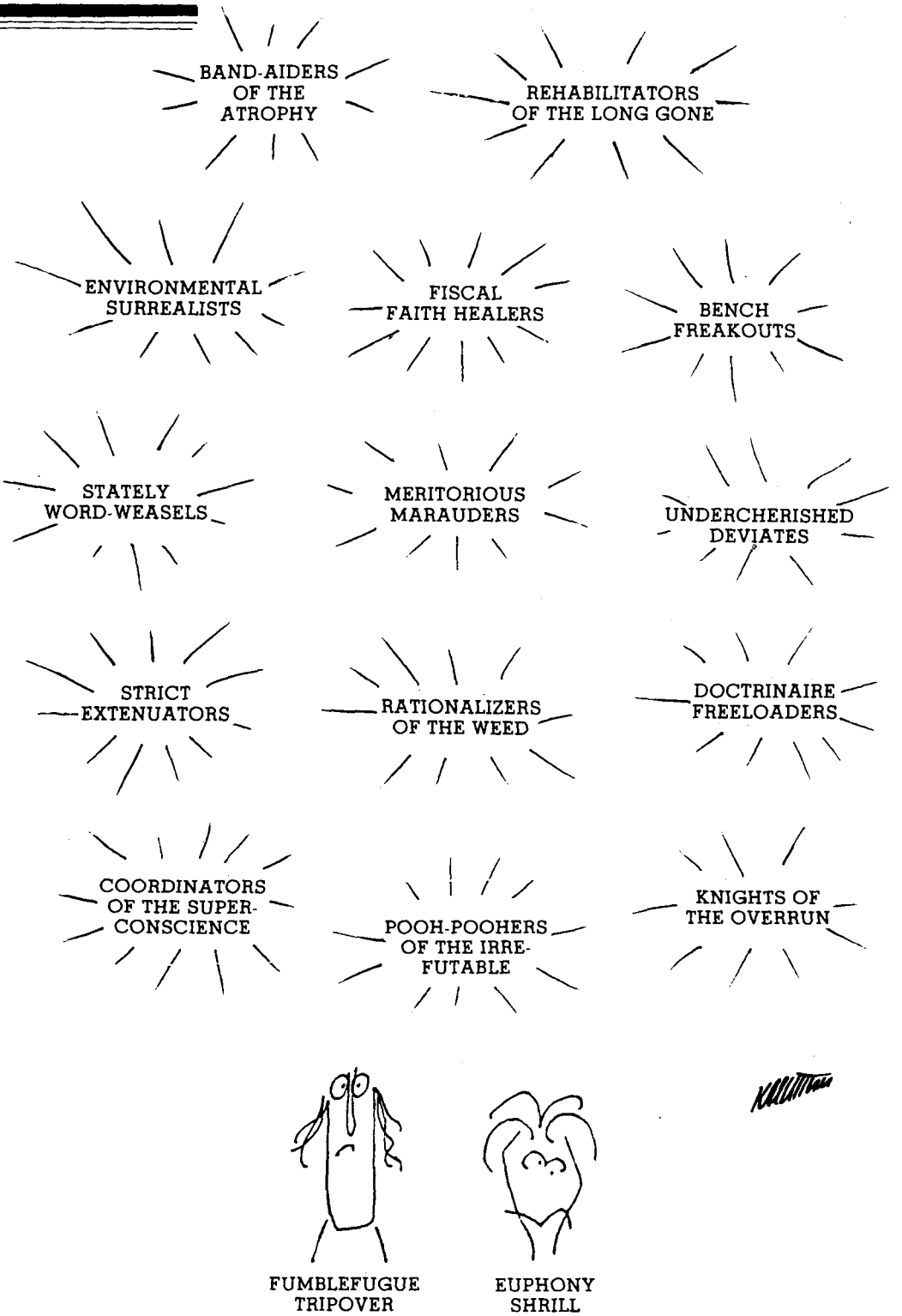
SHINING LIGHTS



From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of **The Boggle**, by John Kreuttner

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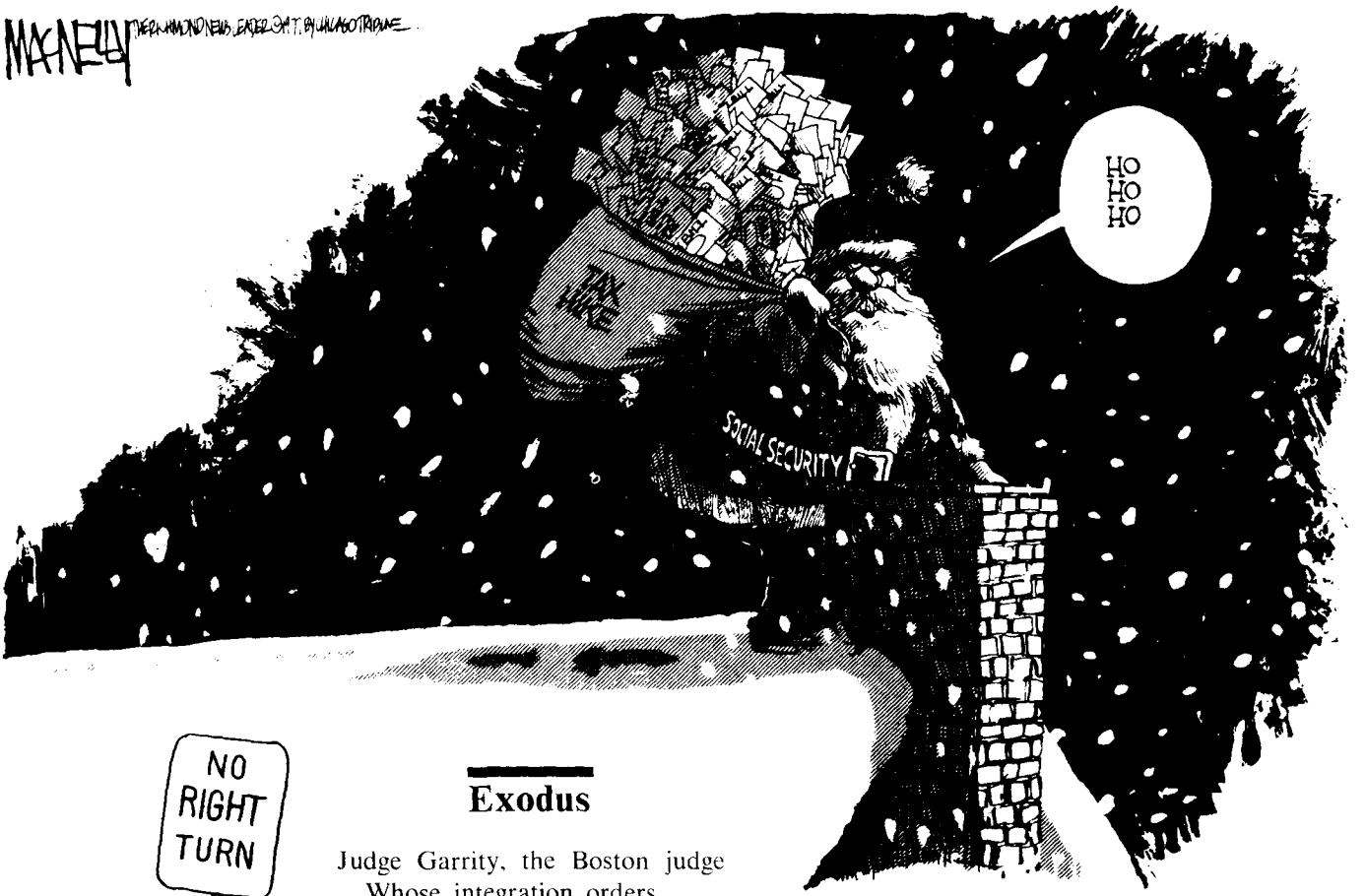
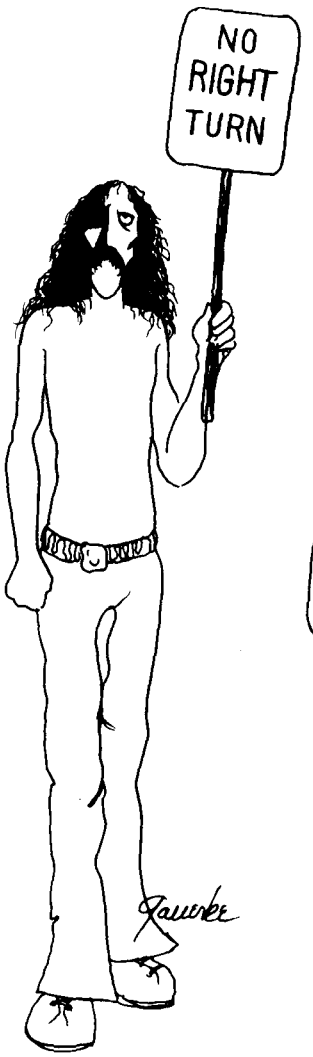
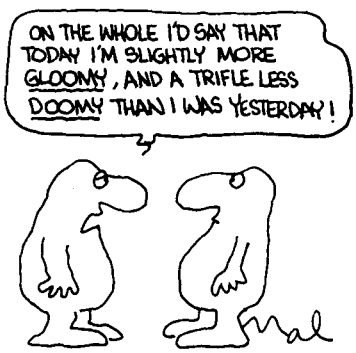




Exodus

Judge Garrity, the Boston judge
Whose integration orders
Have prompted liberals to flee
To Boston's outer borders,
Reminds me of the pharaoh who
Could not, for love nor money,
Stop Moses from escaping to
The land of milk and honey.

W. H. von Dreele



". . . I never saw anybody make such a fuss over a little grapefruit juice in the eye."

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COHEN & BLACK

(Continued from page 83)

paring its people to learn to fight on under nuclear attack.

An extensive nuclear survival program has long been under way in Russia. Few Americans realize that it underwent considerable expansion once the SALT-I accords were signed in 1972. Fewer yet have stopped to think that a compelling reason for this acceleration of Soviet civil defense was that the SALT-I offensive arms agreement placed a lid on the deployment of those U.S. weapon systems which were most capable of jeopardizing Soviet survival. Suddenly, thanks to U.S. accommodation, the Russians could define the level of civil defense required to meet this shackled threat. The cost in time and effort of a credible "correlation of forces" may suddenly have seemed more acceptable.

General Altunin, Chief of USSR Civil Defense, explained:

> Under present conditions . . . the preparation of the country's rear for defense against means of mass destruction has become, without a doubt, one of the decisive strategic factors assuring the ability of the state to function in wartime, and in the final analysis, the attainment of *victory*.

Soviet calculations (confirmed by U.S. nuclear defense experts) show that, for certain conflict situations—e.g., a massive conventional attack on NATO preceded or immediately followed by an evacuation of Soviet urban areas to prepared positions in the country—the implementation of present Soviet civil defense plans can reduce casualty levels to around 5 per cent of the total population even after a major nuclear exchange. Official U.S. calculations show that casualty levels for an unprotected U.S. population could be as high as 50 per cent. In other words, a plausible scenario can be hypothesized where we may well be as much as *ten times* more vulnerable to a nuclear exchange than are the Russians.* (And, although they describe such an outcome as representing a "worst case" scenario, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have admitted that "some current studies indicate that a fatality ratio of 10 to 1 [U.S./USSR] might occur.")

With a casualty level of perhaps a few per cent (significantly less than the casualty level in World War II) the Soviet Union expects to be able to carry on effectively. With a casualty level of 50 per cent, it is difficult to imagine the United States surviving as a meaningful, organized national entity. Even if it could survive under these catastrophic conditions, its first postwar task would be learning to live under Soviet Communism; for certainly it would have lost the war.

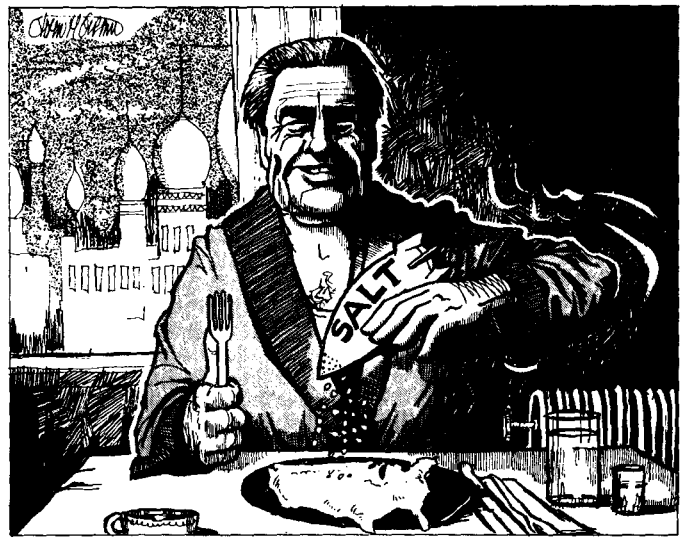
The Soviet program for nuclear survival is not new. What is new is the fact that U.S. Intelligence finally decided to assess the possible magnitude of the program. Major General George Keegan, recently retired Chief of Air Force Intelligence, cites "hard evidence"—i.e., photography—plus open-source data provided by the Soviets themselves which points to the existence of tens of thousands of hardened sites. These sites include Soviet military and civil command centers; surface-to-air missile defenses which could quickly acquire an ABM capability; and industrial facilities, industrial workers, and other civil elements. Indicating the enormous magnitude of the Russian hardened program, Keegan describes massive underground structures around Moscow, each the size of a football field and having a blast resistance comparable to that of hardened U.S. ICBM silos.

The most probable scenario for strategic nuclear war is one where the U.S. elects to honor its nuclear guarantees to NATO allies following a successful attack on NATO by the Warsaw Pact nations. Yet, it is precisely in the context of this scenario that Soviet survival may be least, and U.S. survival most, in doubt. That such a scenario remains a cornerstone of NATO defense hardly connotes an understanding of the realities of nuclear power and how Soviet policies and plans for nuclear war have been evolving. Or, perhaps, it connotes a faith that no U.S. President would ever invoke his strategic nuclear guarantees anyway, considering that the U.S. views nuclear war as suicidal.

WHATEVER the Soviets' future aggressive intentions may be, if the buildup of their overall strategic capabilities—offensive and defensive, military and civil—continues at the rate shown during the past several years, and if the U.S. does no more to compensate for it than it has been doing, a time will come, quite possibly during the early 1980s, when the Soviets will gain strategic preponderance over the United States; preponderance being gauged here, as the Soviets see it, on the basis of *victory* in nuclear war.

Unhappily, to say the least, the guidance provided in PL 92-448 to prevent this potential strategic-capabilities gap from occurring has not been followed. No policy decisions have been taken to buttress the United States' ability to meet this threat.

In the years since SALT-I was signed, and during which SALT-II has been sought, the Soviet program of strategic force modernization has gone on at such a clip as to draw, early last year, a jaundiced observation on the SALT-I measures from Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld: "Such measures have clearly not dulled the Soviet appetite for new and more capable strategic offensive systems, nor have they assured stability."



*That this possible magnitude of disparity in civil carnage has come about seems curious, considering that during the early 1970s, U.S. strategic policy specifically required that there be no significant difference in the number of casualties on each side. This requirement was the third of President Nixon's four "Sufficiency Criteria" to guide U.S. strategic planning.

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In practical terms unilateral disarmament (which no responsible American wants for his country) can be defined in two ways. It is usually thought of as a situation in which we cut down on our forces while the other side either stays constant or builds up. This type of action the U.S. thus far has not taken. It would be strongly resisted by most Americans. It can also mean, though, that we imply, and sometimes even threaten, that we will begin to build up our forces—but don't; while the other side builds up theirs. This is the type of inactive posture the U.S. has taken since SALT began. And most Americans are unaware that this has been going on.

The dismantling of the U.S. air and ballistic missile defense system is now virtually complete. The Soviet air defense system, the greatest the world has ever known, continues to be expanded and modernized

Five years ago, the U.S. officially warned (in the SALT-I accords) that, while the problem of land-mobile ICBM launchers would continue to be discussed, any Soviet deployment of such weapons during the period of the interim agreement on offensive missiles would be considered as "inconsistent" with that agreement. The USSR then proceeded to develop and deploy its triple-warhead SS-20 mobile ballistic missile which, according to many experts, holds the ready potential for intercontinental range. This, of course, has produced considerable U.S. concern (including from the President) and intimations that we may be forced to follow suit. But we haven't so far; in fact, early last year we slowed down our only mobile ICBM development (the MX) by at least a year. Very recently the missile was given a tentative production go-ahead. But even if we opt for production, the Soviets may have well over a thousand of these weapons in the field years before our first mobile missile becomes operational. And the gap in the Soviets' favor will have increased correspondingly.

At current production rates, within several years there will be more modern Soviet Backfires than ancient U.S. B-52s; at which point the USSR will enjoy both a quantitative and a qualitative advantage in bomber capability—an advantage that can expand as the Soviets desire, in view of the U.S. decision to scrap the B-1 program. The dismantling of the U.S. air and ballistic missile defense system is now virtually complete. The Soviet air defense system (the greatest the world has ever known) continues to be expanded and modernized. Soviet R&D on mobile ABM systems has increased considerably since the SALT-I ABM Treaty, and there is now the possibility that an effective system could be deployed quickly.

The five years of the SALT-I offensive arms interim agreement now have run out. During this period the U.S. has bought little in the way of strategic nuclear capabilities. The USSR, on the other hand, has bought a great deal, with indications that it will buy even more in the years ahead.

For the U.S. at this juncture to declare, as it has, an unofficial extension of the interim agreement could mean that we are courting disaster. What seems called for instead is a crash U.S. effort to head off a critical strategic imbalance in the Soviets' favor.

Even were the U.S. MX mobile ICBM program to receive a firm production go-ahead, the cold, hard facts of lead time mean that this program will not significantly augment our capabilities until the mid- to late 1980s. Another tack must be taken to offset the major Soviet gains in ICBM capability during the last several years and those projected during the next several years.

By the early 1980s, in view of reported increases in Soviet ICBM accuracy, the retaliatory capability of the U.S. Minuteman will be a small fraction of what it is today. Since Minuteman is the mainstay of our strategic retaliatory forces, such a reduction in its responsive capability would considerably lessen the credibility of the U.S. nuclear deterrent.

Minuteman missiles could, however, be removed from their increasingly vulnerable silos and modified to provide, within a few years, a more secure mobile missile force. In addition, the Minuteman production line could be revitalized and extended to enhance this mobile capability. The missiles could travel on-road or off-road and would pose a perplexing targeting problem, in contrast to the present fixed-site posture.

OUR NUCLEAR-POWERED submarine capability plus its missile payload (SLBMs) could be substantially increased over a few years' time. This would involve resuming production of Poseidon submarines and fully replacing the current Poseidon ballistic missiles with more advanced, longer-range missiles. The U.S. intercontinental strategic bomber force—i.e., the B-52s—are rapidly becoming more vulnerable to attack by advanced Soviet submarine-fired missiles. Steps can and should be taken to place the aging B-52 forces on a greater alert status to increase their survivability.

Finally, there is the much-publicized cruise missile, now scheduled for storage on B-52s. This weapon, which will cost considerably less than ICBMs and SLBMs and against which no active defense now exists, could be launched by a host of carriers: cargo planes, naval patrol aircraft, conventionally powered submarines, surface ships, etc. A program for alternative carriage should be initiated and implemented.

A U.S. crash effort along these lines would entail significant cost. The crucial question is whether we can afford *not* to undertake such an effort.

One wonders whether those congressmen who voted "aye" on Joint Resolution 1227, which formed the basis of PL 92-448, would vote the same way today? Would their guidance to the President be the same now as it was in 1972? If it were to reassess its position on the strategic nuclear issue in the context of PL 92-448, would Congress now find the U.S. position on SALT to be satisfactory? These questions are too crucial to remain moot. □

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THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

What Ever Happened to Profanity?

HUGH KENNER

NOT YET QUANTIFIED in the Pollution Index, the concentration of scatological monosyllables is nevertheless way, way up. In Los Angeles, in New York, in Dallas, in Atlanta their dull blue haze is discernible, thickest where media types gather. Parts-per-million is an outmoded index; we're talking about parts-per-dozen; often every fifth word passes wind. Neophytes wince, choke, change color. What to say about it all? Surely nothing human, not even human speech, is unspeakable. Be calm, this analysis is offered to steady your nerves.

A true story, for openers. The girl was doe-eyed, the young executive wise and sympathetic. She had come for his advice. One of the men had used a *word*, right in front of her, in her part of the office. She said what the word was. She wanted to know if she should have been embarrassed.

Dated 1930, the incident would be unthinkable. To begin to say what it tells us about 1977, we'll set aside the likelihood that she was really finding out something about the young executive, and call for more information.

Q: What kind of office?

A: Magazine publishing.

(That's a relief. Reported from IBM Headquarters, the incident would have portended far more than this space can explicate. Up there, so far as is known, they still speak Standard IBM, which exudes the tranquillity of a printout. That's one norm still fixed.)

Q: And the word?

A: Anatomical-feminine; used by Chaucer.

Now we are on to something. Naming names that intrude on a girl's privacies, without reference to her but in her presence, that's a way to make her flushed and anxious. A few decades ago Mr. Foulmouth might have said "Jesus Christ" and she would have *known* she was offended.

Damn Logic

Why? *Un peu d'histoire.* Back to Mr. Foulmouth's grandfather, who could have been heard hoping Jesus Christ might strike him dead if his next words weren't true. This used to be called taking an oath, and they do something like it every day in law courts. Accordingly, naming divine names used to be called swearing (what you do with an oath). These names had to do with a temple, the Latin word for which is *fanum*, and if you used them on an insufficient occasion it was called profanity.

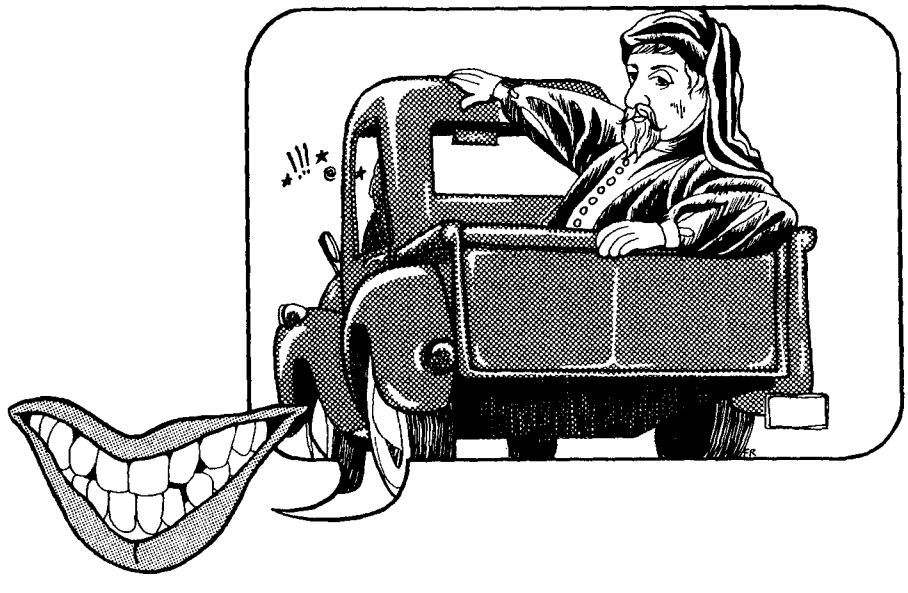
The almost total disappearance of profanity from American speech, rather suddenly, about twenty years ago, is a momentous and virtually unstudied event. Except as a phrase marker (see below) you will hardly hear so much as a "damn" any more. Just as the tube has given way to the transistor, "damn" has been unplugged from the nation's rhetorical circuitry and a short word for excrement been patched in to replace it. The solid-state update. It runs on lower power.

(Parenthesis: "phrase marker." The screenwriter [1964] yelled at the cretin producer, "It is, *so*, dramatic. You just don't think it's dramatic because it doesn't have any goddamn horses." Here "goddamn" wished the horses no ill. It simply segregated them, created a phrase, "the kind of horses your depraved taste will lust after.")

Like "Christ," "damn" was long ago not just a noise. It was (long ago) part of the other great branch of profanity, cursing. This meant, pronouncing words of power, to request that divine lightning eternally blast some refractory sprig of the universe.

When Gramps whanged the hammer on his thumb, his "Damn!" had a certain logic. It adjured the Almighty to punish the hammer appropriately, say in an eternity of boiling acid, or else requested that He crumple up and discard the space-time continuum in which such collisions can occur and replace it with a fail-safe model. Having invoked the ultimate sanction, having pursued in fact his problem to its origin where a bit of creation was folded awry, Gramps felt cleansed.

But when the copywriter drops his typewriter on his foot, what he shouts has no logic at all. It neither excoriates a universe of effluent, which would not account for his agony, being painless if smelly, nor does it express a wish to be transferred to such a universe, which would be no improvement, being smelly though painless. He obtains nothing but the physiological release of a brief voiced oral expulsion, rhyming with a



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brief unvoiced anal one. It is not surprising that he feels not cleansed but clogged, congested with frustrations unexpressed, and is soon to be found annoying the office girls.

What happened to profanity seems to have entailed a decline of mental vigor, not of religious faith. Mark Twain's riverboat men were not noticeably religious, and their cursing and swearing thrived as baroque art-forms. "WHERE are you going with that barrel! *for'ard* with it 'fore I make you swallow it, you dash-dash-dash-*dashed* split between a tired mud-turtle and a crippled hearse-horse!" was an instance Twain found almost printable in pages to be read by ladies, and twenty-minute cadenzas launched at some truly radical unsatisfactoriness excited his ungrudging admiration.

Five decades later, agnostic Robert Graves could still remark on the world that lay all open before a swearer "with a high degree of intellectual ability." Tyros who thought the supply of elements restricted were reminded that it takes nine hours for ringers to exhaust the combinations of a mere full peal of bells; how much more scope with "so many major and minor taboos that the daring tongue may outrage, with such an ancient wealth of vituperation lying within the territory of each of them, and so constant an enrichment of this ancient wealth by new pathological research, by religious sectarianism, and the general march of time."

Verbal Satiation

But vigor ebbed, and ladies started swearing too. By the 1950s nice girls were saying "Oh, Jesus Christ!" at lawn parties. (I'm hurrying over this part; it needs team research, NEH grants, and a real historian.) And one day, say about 1957, all that remained of a once-potent set of combinations that had been apt to fetch down lightning was a tatty little huddle of once-taboo words.

Taboos, unlike oaths, necessarily derive their kick from some source outside themselves. Oaths are art-forms; swearing is a folk art. Twain's rivermen proved that swearing could be self-sustaining in the absence of piety, as theater survived separation from its sacred origins. But taboos invoke the authority of the Cosmic No, and wither without it unless they can (briefly) substitute a Social No.

Sacred names are taboo; tribes kept the names of their gods taboo to prevent other tribes finding them out and misusing them. But if the tribal god no longer persuades you, his name is an innocuous vocable, though you may notice that when you use it freely other people are shocked. This can be great fun if you're juvenile, but they'll soon stop being shocked because of what psychologists call Verbal Satiation, which means that words heard often enough lose not only effect but all meaning, something that has been demonstrated repeatedly since 1919 (Basette, M. F., & Warne, C. J., "On the Lapse of Verbal Meaning with Repetition," *Amer. J. Psychol.*, 1919).

Today's Taboo Words

People stopped being shocked by sacred words heard too often. And profanity and all its attributes died. And the Age of Obscenity began. (Obscenity had always been there, a class thing, entoiled in wretched plumbing and nongentility. Now it moved forward.)

Hence the *new* taboo words, excremental, copulatory, anatomical, all getting worked to the limit before Verbal Satiation should deplete them likewise. Being purely social, no longer cosmic, the Taboo Principle keeps groping for a level. When Jimmy Carter said "screw," that was news for the *New York Times* because the word was taboo, but the *Times*, for the same reason, couldn't print "screw" (come to think of it, the *Times* runs few hardware-store ads), and had to say "an American vulgarity."

My *Times* informant advised me that a more intense word would have been identified as "an American obscenity." You admire the precision but can't fight down the suspicion that "screw" retains a faint kick just so long as the *Times* won't print it: a long way from the injunction against taking the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Not that single words cannot be used with powerful art. The word that was rumored to be sprinkled throughout the epic dirty book of the century, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, was in fact cunningly withheld for fully 580 pages, until the time came for a drunken soldier to threaten the neck of any bastard "says a word against my bleeding fucking king." Since Edward VII was a) Europe's foremost womanizer, b) a member of a family plagued by hemophilia, both words possess, to the reader's admiration, an accuracy transcending the understanding of Private Carr. That may be the finest use of "fucking" in the two millennia since the Saxons coined *fachan*.

Surrounded by Private Carrs in double-knits, the neophyte may have recourse to John P. Roche's twenty-year-old remark that though constant obscenity is a habit of "men at war, like truck-drivers and other masculine callings"—1957, when obscenity was still segregated!—still the words are soon "divested of their obscene connotations and become meaningless exclamations."

Today's taboo words, waiting for obscenities to die, are the splattering race-words, nigger and kike and spick. Though if you're in a hurry you can hear them from the mouths of babes, on the sound-track of *The Bad-News Bears*.

Meanwhile, no, Virginia, there's no need to be embarrassed. While you wait for Verbal Satiation, tell yourself the boys are saying nothing more than, "Heavy traffic around here." Or maybe, "Men only, libber." If it helps, you can even tell yourself that they need to believe it, somehow. Or that their contempt for themselves exceeds their disesteem of you. Or read up on *rites de passage*. □

Wait Not, Want Not

We wait, impatient, for our date
Who's more than likely to be late;
We wait for elevators down,
For buses lumbering crosstown;
We wait for lawyers and physicians,
For word on coveted positions,
For partners, hirelings, and bosses,
For news about our gains or losses,
For copy from remiss typesetters,
For answers to our frenzied letters.
Who says that patience is a virtue?
Who thinks that wasted time won't hurt
you?
We also serve? I think it's funny
That no one figures time is money.

CORINNA MARSH

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AFFIRMATIVE DISCRIMINATION

Once upon a time only reactionaries spoke of the Jewish vote or the Polish vote. There was said to be no such thing as ethnic politics. But when the state began to acquire more power, ethnic groups began to leave the melting pot

Ethnic Politics

WILLIAM PETERSEN

IN EUROPE the definition of *nation* is closely tied to the word's etymology: a nation comprises the present descendants of a putative ancestor. No such physical bond, however, could have been postulated to unite the diverse peoples of the American colonies, and the nation that evolved out of them was based on political principle rather than accident of birth. Those who formally accepted the doctrines of democratic liberty and justice could become American citizens and, whatever their prior status, pass on this identity to their children. (Even today, European intellectuals often find it difficult to understand this distinction. In particular, many consider it laughable if not outrageous to denote certain activities as "un-American." For what could the meaning be of, say, accusing a Swede of "un-Swedish activities"? Every Swede is defined by his blood, and whatever he does is Swedish.) It was the magnet of political and social democracy rather than any government policy that enabled the new U.S.A. to realize its motto of *E pluribus unum*—"Out of many, one." The "melting pot" has been a target of liberal attack for so many years that the actual policy associated with that slogan has been all but forgotten.

First, one should recall that full acculturation was not only the government's intention but also the typical aspiration of the immigrants themselves. Not incidentally, the phrase derived from a highly successful bit of kitsch by the Anglo-Jewish writer Israel Zangwill. The story of *The Melting Pot* revolves around the marriage between the Jewish hero and the daughter of the Czarist official responsible for the pogrom in which the hero's father was murdered. For in the New World—this was the play's message—all the ancient hatreds would disappear through a literal mixing of the races. And by any criterion except utopian precision, the American melting pot *has* worked. Compared to those in any other major receiving country, ethnic strains in the United States have generally moved toward a common center, not necessarily losing their identity but softening it sufficiently to become genuinely parts of a single whole.

In the early 1930s, when I was an undergraduate, even to utter such a phrase as "the Jewish vote" or "the Polish vote" marked one as a reactionary. According to the prevalent myth, ethnic politics did not exist. I found this excessive delicacy somewhat absurd, not because I was less naïve than the typical student, but because my upbringing had taught me that in some circumstances voting by ethnic blocs could determine the outcome of political conflict.

Splitting the Loot

Jersey City, where I was born and raised, could be described with equal truth as the home of one of the last of the old-style political machines that long dominated American municipal politics, or as an early version of the welfare state. Elections were rigged; as a Republican poll-watcher, I once discovered that every adult resident of a 12-family apartment house that had burned to the ground a decade earlier had continued to vote Democratic from that address as well as from at least one other.

Over the years, however, it became less and less necessary to steal elections so crudely. Each of the city's social services was established partly for the benefits it brought the people, but mainly for the concomitant benefits it brought the Democratic Party. The construction and maintenance of a public hospital, extraordinarily large and sumptuously equipped, imposed mammoth political debts on contractors and subcontractors, on physicians, nurses, and ancillary staff, and particularly on the many who received medical care without having to pay for it. Eventually, the portion of the city's electorate "on the titty," as the phrase went, together with their families, friends, and personal beneficiaries, probably constituted a legitimate majority. Stuffing the ballot boxes continued only as insurance against mishap—as well as out of sheer momentum, to give the boys something to do on election day.

In my childhood, Jersey City was about four-fifths Roman Catholic, and the Catholic nationalities ran the city. As in New York and Boston and other Eastern cities, the Irish held almost all the top positions in government and its various offshoots. Italians, who had immigrated later, had acquired control of, for instance, the lucrative franchise to collect and dispose of garbage: from department director to wagon driver, this was their monopoly. Poles were also on the team, but as more junior partners. Then there were people like

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my father, a lower-middle-class Protestant; and Jews; and—several steps down—Negroes. By and large, our role was to pay our taxes and not expect too much for them.

Why was it that in their relations with the Federal Government voters were supposed to act as ethnically undifferentiated Americans, while the units of city politics were obviously and unashamedly ethnic blocs? One reason, certainly, was that as guardian of our relations with other countries the United States Government was more sensitive to the double identities of immigrants and their descendants. But the principal reason, I believe, was that the functions of local governments could entail the distribution of favors to those with sufficient influence. An individual can cast a vote, but he is seldom able to exert the pressure needed to obtain preferential treatment from a party machine. For that he must organize into units—but into smaller units than the heterogeneous American-style party—and one obvious base for mustering power was social clubs organized with a quasi-political purpose. The development of ethnicity into a combative stance, in short, derived from the power of the state to allocate goods and services, leading to what is known in the current euphemism as the welfare state.

Dual Loyalty

This standard pattern in East Coast cities became a prototype for federal practice. As an important member of the Democratic Party's national committee, Jersey City's Mayor Frank Hague influenced the development of the New Deal. Partly under the tutelage of such big-city associates, Franklin Roosevelt succeeded in adapting the Tammany model to the larger stage of national politics; in particular, he succeeded in shifting the Negro vote, very heavily Republican in honor of that party's anti-slavery origins, to virtually totally Democratic. By the 1940s it was becoming respectable to refer openly to the political role of American nationalities.

During earlier decades, the literary metaphor of the melting pot had been elaborated by liberal academics. With his associates and students at the University of Chicago, Professor Robert Park developed the thesis that all interethnic relations go through an invariable and irreversible four-stage succession: contact, competition, accommodation, and assimilation. This conventional theory was applied specifically to black-white relations in Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, which is a convenient summary of the doctrine.

Differences between the races, according to Myrdal, were of three types: real but superficial differences (e.g., skin color), false stereotypes (e.g., the "lower intelligence" of blacks), and the results of discriminatory institutions (e.g., the lower level of basic skills acquired in poorer schools). By what Myrdal termed a "principle of cumulation," any improvement in Negroes' real situation would raise whites' perception of them, and vice versa. As blacks rose economically, the cultural differences between the races as perceived from either side would diminish and eventually become altogether insignificant. Nothing in this whole assimilationist doctrine prepared Americans for what actually happened: the response to the great improvement in Negroes' economic and civil condition was a massive resurgence of Afro-American separatism.

Meanwhile the melting-pot thesis had been subjected to partial but gradually increasing emendation. Early on, Horace Kallen argued for "cultural pluralism," the retention of those old-country traits consistent with political loyalty. This compromise was mainly a defense against the nativist pressure for national quotas in the immigration laws of the 1920s. The demand for autonomy

was carried one step further in Samuel Lubell's influential book, *The Future of American Politics* (1952), which interpreted the positions of "interventionists" and "isolationists" as deriving from vestigial loyalties to, respectively, England and Germany. The charge of dual loyalty, which immigrants answered in earlier decades with a flat denial, was now excused with a blanket *tu quoque*. The new view reached a kind of climax in Will Herberg's division of American sub-nations into Protestant–Catholic–Jew, whose numbers in 1955, when the book was published, were approximately 79 million, 31 million, and under four million. Within one generation, if we accept these books as representative, American Jews went from a joyful anticipation of their disappearance into native American society to a demand for full corporate equality with the far larger sub-nations of the earlier settlers. Being both highly vulnerable and of above-average intelligence, Jews had been the first to develop a rationale for group autonomy. Not surprisingly, spokesmen for other minorities began to follow the same route to something like the same conclusions.

Exaggerations

It has now become utterly routine to analyze all election returns by ethnicity, but this complete reversal of former practice certainly often exaggerates the ethnic factor in individuals' votes. The facts on which the new dogma is based are dubious. Since the vote is secret, we lack full data relating any characteristic to what psephomancers term voting behavior. Statistics are by precincts, and area correlations are truly convincing only in the exceptional case in which one compares, say, wards populated only by Jews with wards populated only by Irish Catholics (but then are people who live in such enclaves typical of the Jews or Irish Catholics who live among outsiders?). Thus, most of our supposed information comes from opinion polls, whose samples are typically too small to permit us, with very much confidence in the results, to break them down into sub-categories. In a word, the current ideology that Americans vote in large part as a reflection of their race or nationality or religion is partly true, but may be no more true

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than the onetime dictum that ethnicity exercises no influence at all on voting.

Both of these ideologies have now been given official sanction, and our problems can be summed up by citing the fact that the law requires, simultaneously, two contradictory responses from local governments, business firms, and universities. The discovery of two diverse modes of ending, or at least mitigating, discrimination against blacks led not to a choice of one or the other, but to the enforcement of both.

Lewis to Carmichael

The determination to establish color-blind justice in the United States, though long frustrated, had achieved some notable successes in the years following the Second World War. As a consequence of this program, civil rights activists fought with heightened intensity. Within two or three years, the demands voiced in Birmingham and the COFO (Council of Federated Organizations) voting campaign in Mississippi (1963-64) had culminated in race riots in six cities (1964) and the super-riot of Watts (1965). Undoubtedly the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the most substantial and comprehensive bill outlawing discrimination since Reconstruction, was passed partly to quell the rioting, which nevertheless continued to expand. Justice granted tardily as an answer to blackmail was tarnished, and the campaign to establish it was transformed into something quite different. In 1966, John Lewis gave way to Stokely Carmichael as head of SNCC; this change symbolized a total reversal in both tactics and purpose. In its new form, the bi-racial SNCC became a centralized body openly espousing violence to achieve black-nationalist ends.

The pattern of granting blacks rather than whites preferential treatment in hiring or promotion, access to colleges or professional schools, and other scarce values is clearly contrary to both the civil rights tradition and the law in which that tradition is most fully embodied. Not only does the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibit discrimination in general, but, for instance, it also provides, with respect to the business world, that "nothing contained in this title should be interpreted to require any employer . . . to grant preferential treatment to any individual or to any group because of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin . . . on account of an imbalance which may exist with respect to the total number or percentage."

If the language were not sufficiently clear, it was spelled out on the floor of Congress by Senators Joseph Clark and Clifford Case, who acted as the bill's floor managers: "The question in each case is whether that *individual* was discriminated against." "Quotas are themselves discriminatory." Nevertheless, corporations have since been required to meet numerical goals in the hiring and promotion of certain "minorities" (including women, who constitute a majority, but excluding some ethnic minorities who have suffered serious group deprivations, such as Appalachian whites). Firms have been heavily penalized on the basis of statistical evidence alone. For example, the so-called Equal Employment Opportunity Commission forced AT&T to give some tens of millions of dollars in back pay to minority employees even though no act of discrimination by the company against any individual employee was ever admitted or proved.

If "affirmative discrimination," as Nathan Glazer calls it, is clearly against statutory law, how has it become the dominant horn of our dilemma? It is because the courts, and federal bureaus with the courts' approval, have taken to writing laws that supersede those of Congress. By failing to clarify basic principles underlying the law of ethnic relations, the courts have permitted a dual system of law to proliferate.

A prime instance of both injustice and judicial cowardice is the notorious De Funis case. A white Jewish member of Phi Beta Kappa with a high B average in undergraduate courses, Marco De Funis applied for admission to the University of Washington's law school and was turned down. A year later, his score of 668 in the Law School Aptitude Test put him in the top 7 per cent of those seeking to enter the school. When again he was not admitted, De Funis sued the university, charging that its policy of giving preference to less qualified minority applicants had deprived him of equal protection. He won in the lower court and was admitted to law school, but the state Supreme Court supported the university's appeal. In a second appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court heard arguments but then refused to hand down a decision on the ground that, since the plaintiff was by that time in the last year of law school, the case was moot. The somewhat similar case of Allan Bakke is now before the Court.

The victims of this policy include not only some whites, but many Negroes as well. Consider the man of color—whether black, Chicano, American Indian, or whatever—who on the basis of genuine achievement managed against heavy odds to raise himself and his family to middle-class respectability, and who now sees the belief spread that he got where he is solely on the basis of his color.

Ethnic Splinters

Until very recently, Americans have thought of discrimination as anything which inhibited the efforts of minorities to acculturate fully; elsewhere, discrimination usually referred to attempts by the state to eliminate the language, religion, or other distinctive elements of a self-conscious sub-nation. The hope of the civil rights movement of a generation ago was that discrimination of the first type could be eliminated; instead, the victimization has merely been shifted to other sectors of the population. The resultant marshaling of ethnic blocs, whether to achieve new victories or to defend the traditional norms of justice, suggests a new pattern for American society.

The Black Caucus in Congress is now being imitated by Chicano congressmen, who announce that they too will discuss all bills from the point of view of "what's in it for us?" As these instances suggest, in a country with so diverse a population the welfare state can be much more destructive of the social fabric than in homogeneous Sweden. If the fissiparous trends ever develop to the intensity already evident in Britain, Belgium, or several other Western democracies, little in the country will remain recognizable. Yet what shall we expect from the graduates of Black Studies Programs and their various offshoots (there are six such programs at UCLA) but a continuing effort to split the country into its ethnic splinters? After all, we have trained them for nothing else. □

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Jerusalem

IN THE HEADLONG current of events and discussions precipitated by Anwar Sadat's visit to Israel, the status of Jerusalem has received less public attention than some other elements of the Arab-Israeli dispute. And for an obvious reason: Jerusalem does not tangibly involve questions of life and death. For it does not concern the prime questions of military safety, or economic resources, or political existence.

To be sure, the diplomats and politicians and military strategists remind us that on such prime questions compromises are not only necessary but quite feasible. However, Jerusalem may yet prove to be the stumbling-block for Israelis and Arabs, and a source of folly for many Christians. And, again, there is an obvious reason. For Arabs, Jerusalem contains one of their most sacred religious shrines and was in their exclusive possession for over 1,200 years of the Christian era. For Jews, Jerusalem holds the revered remnant of the ancient Jewish Temple (the *Wailing Wall*), has a supreme cultural value, and was in their possession for a little over a thousand years.

Jerusalem, in other words, is a moral and religious intangible in the dispute, and, like all such elements, it has a potential for beauty and peace, as well as for devastation and hate. One can imagine the insensitive way in which Western politicians and diplomats may approach it. For they may just decide to treat it as an abstraction and ignore it, since they cannot divide it up on a map or label it Moslem or Judaic. Now, real abstractions go away if you ignore them—although the lives of most people would be woefully boring at best without some abstractions. (Think of television without the "Old West" or children's books without fairy tales!) But you cannot make an intangible into an abstraction merely by willing it so. And real intangibles do not go away. Neglected—or, worse, deliberately ignored—they have a horrible way of avenging themselves.

Judaism and Jewish rights were intangibles deliberately ignored by most Christians for over 1,500 years. And Christians of this century are paying for that mistake. Palestinian identity and rights are intangibles deliberately ignored by Jews and Christians ever since 1948. As a consequence, a lot of Israelis have paid with their lives, many Jews have paid a lot of money to bolster Israel's security, and the rest of us are paying at least the painful debt of uncertainty about this area of the world that remains today a first-class tinderbox for a very, very dirty and generalized war.

In this country, it is safe to say that the number of people acquainted with Israeli moral and religious claims to Jerusalem outnumber overwhelmingly those who know anything about the moral and religious claims of Arabs. And this disproportion, besides telling us something significant about the objectivity of recent media reporting, should be corrected.

Holiness of Place

For Moslems, Jerusalem's shrine is as venerable as the True Cross is for Roman Catholics. And, because they believe that Muhammad, their Prophet and Founder, had in Jerusalem his greatest revelation (a visit to Paradise), that old part of Jerusalem, Arab Jerusalem, is as sacred for them as the Tomb of Jesus is for Christians. Toward Jerusalem, the Moslem once turned five times a day in prayer. He made pilgrimages there. It is woven inextricably into his theology, his religious poetry, and his ideals. Today, he still thinks about Jerusalem as the only gate on earth to Heaven and to God.

We Westerners have unfortunately lost the sense of a holy place. So we cannot appreciate the vivid and living Moslem sense of "sacred Jerusalem." For them, it is not sacred because of the dead buried there or because of the long-lived monuments still standing. It is sacred because of a holy *presence* inherent in that place even today. And Moslems will not forsake that Jerusalem, unless they cease to be Moslems—something on which one would be ill-advised to bet.

As if this Arab-Israeli dispute over Jerusalem were not complicated enough already, a group of American Christians recently issued a statement which, all in all, claimed the whole of Jerusalem for the Israelis in the name of theology and the Bible. Besides being a tedious repetition of what Christians have been doing and overdoing for hundreds of years—playing politics with religion—their reasons were a mixture of theological nonsense and biblical fakery.

Citing Scripture

There is no theological reason why Arab Jerusalem should be Israeli, unless there is a theological reason for handing over the navies of the U.S.A. and the USSR to the Israelis. The Bible does not command Christians to make Jerusalem Israeli, unless it also commands us to dispatch forthwith innumerable teams of tearful French wine-growers to pour gallons of their very best wine down the slopes of every hillock of the Holy Land. The point is, as we have found out in the last three hundred years, you can make the Bible and theology say exactly what you like, if you want to badly enough.

But, presumably, men like Anwar Sadat, Menahem Begin, and the hard-headed Saudis know their holy books better than that, and will be more respectful of theology's neutrality than either Sadat's dubious political sleight-of-hand, Begin's terrorist past, or King Khalid's gigantic oil revenues would lead us to think. Perhaps these very men are the ones who will know and respect the intangibles of Arab Jerusalem, Jewish Jerusalem, and Christian Jerusalem. For if they do not, then Jerusalem, *in spite of its lovely name*, will certainly know no peace. □

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The Tuition War

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

TUITION TAX CREDITS bit the dust in the closing battle over Social Security, but their spirit lives on in the Congress.

In fact, if ever a piece of legislation seemed destined for success, the tuition credit would be the obvious selection. Its merits are plain, its popularity in the Senate immense, and its prestige in the House of Representatives growing. Considered on its own account, rather than as an adjunct to the Social Security bill, the proposal should ultimately make it into law.

The idea is as simple as it is equitable. Under the formula contained in several dozen bills before Congress, parents who pay tuition or students working their way through school would be able to subtract a portion of the payment from their federal income tax. This benefit could take the form of a deduction (lowering the income base on which the tax is figured) or an outright credit (lowering the amount of the tax itself).

Embodying the second of these principles, and commanding broad support in Congress, is the Tuition Tax Credit Act of 1977 (S-2142), offered by Senators Robert Packwood (R., Ore.) and Daniel P. Moynihan (D., N.Y.), and co-sponsored by 48 other senators. This bill would permit a taxpayer to reduce his liability to the Federal Government by 50 per cent of tuition payments to any elementary, secondary, or vocational school, or any college or university (within a framework of accreditation), up to a total credit of $500 per student.

In addition, the Packwood-Moynihan bill contains a voucher clause remitting a sum equivalent to the credit to lower-income citizens who have no income tax to pay. This provision blunts the charge, much trumpeted by the Carter Administration, that the tuition credit is simply a boon to rich kids and their parents. (As backers of the bill point out, some 51 per cent of students in private schools come from families with incomes of less than $15,000 per year.)

Identical legislation (HR-9332) has been offered in the House by Representatives Bill Frenzel (R., Minn), James Burke (D., Mass.), and Tom Railsback (R., Ill.). Their proposal has the important backing of Rules Committee Chairman James Delaney (D., N.Y.), who also has his own less comprehensive legislation on the subject and was co-author of a similar bill last year with former Senator James L. Buckley (C.-R., N.Y.). Support for credits in the lower chamber is strong, though historically less so than in the Senate and diluted by a multiplicity of approaches. Citizens for Educational Freedom, which has spearheaded lobby efforts on the issue, is promoting a coalition in the House resembling that which has transcended barriers of ideology and party in the Senate.

Tuition credits would fill a real and urgent need. Parents who send their children to non-public schools—or students who work their way through private institutions—must pay twice over for a single education: once in high and rising taxes for public schools, again in tuition for the private ones. With costs ascending on both fronts, it is hardly surprising that numerous citizens have wearied of the double burden, and that private education has suffered an appalling loss of students.

In the past seven years, Senator Packwood notes, tuition fees at private colleges and universities have increased by more than 50 per cent—while costs at public institutions, and taxes to pay the bills, were rising at a similar pace. Something has had to give, and discretionary dollars for private schooling have accordingly diminished. Since 1966, enrollments in private elementary schools have fallen by 35 per cent, in private high schools by 13 per cent, while the proportion of students in private colleges has declined from roughly 50 per cent in the 1950s to less than 25 per cent today.

"Enrollments for private elementary and secondary schools," says Packwood, "will drop 50 per cent by 1984 because of escalating costs. Higher education is similarly plagued. It now costs an average of $2,790 for a year at a public college, and $4,568 at a private one. . . . The loser in this . . . tuition war is . . . the middle-income taxpayer. He is too poor to afford the cost of college, too well-to-do to qualify for federal financial assistance."

It is no answer to say that students at private institutions should hang it up and go to public schools. For one thing, the public costs of such a change-over would be prohibitive—$17 billion in added tax funds to handle the influx of 7.7 million students, compared to a price tag of $4.7 billion in indirect costs to the federal Treasury for credits. For another, the death of the private schools would destroy all hope of freedom and diversity in education, and throttle all resistance to recent disturbing trends in public schooling, including the long-term nose dive of the SATs and the programming of American youngsters with the official theology of secular humanism.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS, Senator Moynihan observes, "provide diversity to the society, choice to students and their parents, and a rich array of distinctive educational offerings that even the finest of public institutions find difficult to supply, not least because they are *public*, and must embody generalized values. Diversity. Pluralism. Variety. These are values, too, and perhaps nowhere more valuable than in the experience that our children have in their early years. . . . I do not believe it excessive to ask that [these values] be embodied in our national policies for the betterment of American education."

One caveat: For obvious reasons, the professional educational establishment and powerful elements in the media (e.g., the *Washington Post*) are bitterly opposed to credits, which means that victory will not come easily. But it is encouraging to note that the proposal has mustered fifty co-sponsors in the Senate and, in one form or another, more than 160 backers in the House. Through this device something of value may yet be salvaged from the sad decline of American schooling. □

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Books Arts & Manners

What New Class?

JAMES BURNHAM

The Visible Hand: The Managerial Revolution in American Business
By Alfred D. Chandler Jr.
Harvard, 608 pp., $18.50

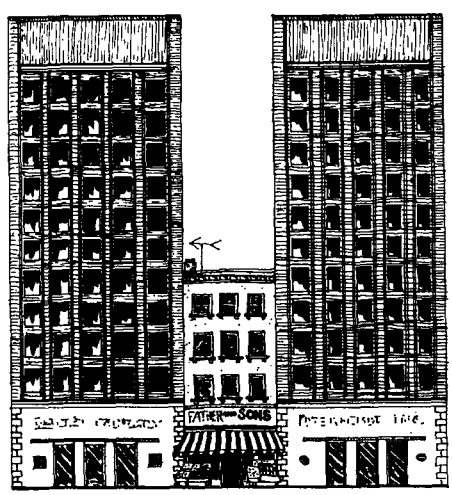
This book is a work of academic scholarship in the field of economic history, "carried out in a traditional manner"—meaning, Professor Chandler explains, that "no teams of scholars or computerized data were involved." Although the primary audience for a book of this kind consists of specialists and students in its own field, the significance of Chandler's study extends a good deal further.

"The managerial revolution" is not, of course, a novel idea. (Chandler notes that I was "the first to describe and analyze that phenomenon," in the 1941 book I entitled *The Managerial Revolution*. The concept, if not the phrase, was implicit in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, written several years earlier by Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means.) However, as Chandler comments, "until recently historians [and economists] have concentrated little systematic attention on the rise of modern business enterprise and the managerial class that came to administer it." *The Visible Hand* answers, by detailed examination of the record, "the historical questions of when, where, how, and why this institution first appeared and then became so powerful."

When the United States came into being, business was organized much as it had been for five hundred years: into single-unit enterprises run personally by the owner or by a small, usually family, partnership. The owner's decisions were directly dictated by market conditions; the market coordinated the activities of the enterprise. That economic system may be termed entrepreneurial, personal, or family capitalism.

This institutional structure continued into the 1840s. During the next seventy years it was transformed with extraordinary rapidity into managerial capitalism.

The transformation was a response to the increasing volume of activity brought by advancing technology and expanding markets. "Administrative coordination permitted greater productivity, lower costs, and higher profits than coordination by market mechanisms." Several business units would be joined into a single multi-unit enterprise; transactions among these units were internalized. As the scale enlarged, the advantages of the growing multi-



unit enterprises could be realized only through a managerial hierarchy—a technical and professional bureaucracy. Ownership and management separated; control shifted from the owners (now proliferated into thousands of scattered stockholders) to the top managers. Entrepreneurial capitalism became managerial capitalism.

Half of *The Visible Hand* is a series of essays on how this transformation actually took place in each of the major sections of American business—railroads, communications, merchandising, steel, chemicals, tobacco, oil, rubber, etc.

Among the wider topics on which this study bears I here note two:

1. Chandler maintains that modern business enterprise is a new and distinctive type of capitalism—managerial capitalism: not just bigger and more active than family (entrepreneurial) capitalism, not more of the same thing, but something new, run by a new breed of men. Managerial capitalism is still capitalism; it has not abolished the market. "The new bureaucratic enterprises did not . . . replace the market as the primary force in generating goods and services." But within each large multi-unit structure, "the new enterprise took over from the market the coordination and integration of the flow of goods and services from the production of raw materials through the several processes of production to the sale to the ultimate consumer. . . . As technology became more sophisticated and as markets expanded, administrative coordination replaced market coordination in an increasingly large portion of the economy." The visible hand, that is, took over more and more of the total economic function from the invisible.

Nevertheless, much of our public

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rhetoric concerning business and economic matters—not only the public talk of most public figures (especially those who are Republican or conservative) but even the rhetoric of much professional talk about things economic—still presupposes, deep down, a model of the economy derived from the family capitalism that Adam Smith and Karl Marx were writing about. It is not inconceivable that this rhetoric gap has something to do with the inability of our leaders to understand each other or even themselves when they debate economic issues, and with the consequent self-destructive policies they arrive at.

2. Chandler speaks of the modern managers as a "class" or an "economic class." Actually, it is only the latter, restricted sense with which he is concerned. He does not raise questions about the non-economic political and social roles of his economic managers or about their possible class-identity with modern social strata outside of business enterprise. Such questions will, however, occur to his readers.

As example: For several years a discussion has been going on in this country about "the new class" and its relation to the present and future political situation. Several books and dozens of articles have been concerned with the subject, and a number of research projects are currently focused on it. *NR* and writers associated with *NR* have joined actively in this discussion.

THE COMPOSITION of the postulated "new class" has proved difficult to fix. It is said, variously, to include "intellectuals," "verbalists," "bureaucrats," "the media," "professionals," "wealthy suburban wives," "the knowledge industry," "the communications industry," and sundry others. It is left rather vague as to who belongs under each label.

I have felt that this "new class" is, so far, rather thin gruel. Intellectuals, verbalists, media types, etc. are conspicuous actors these days, certainly; they make a lot of noise, get a lot of attention, and some of them make a lot of money. But, after all, they are a harum-scarum crowd, and deflate even more quickly than they puff up. On TV they can out-talk any of the managers of ITT, GM, or IBM, or the administrator-managers of the great governmental bureaus and agencies, but, honestly, you're not going to take that as a power test. Who hires and fires whom? How many men can Norman Mailer or Walter Cronkite set in motion when he picks up the telephone, compared to Harold Geneen or to What's-His-Name at the top of IBM? Come now.

No theory about a new class in modern societies—whether they're called capitalist, socialist, or fascist—is going to get very far unless it has a plausible slot for those chaps whose advance to "permanence, power, and continued growth" Professor Chandler recounts and explains. □

The Literary Politicians
By Mitchell S. Ross
Doubleday, 384 pp., $10

THE MOSTESS ON THE BALL

D. KEITH MANO

Which reads like an electric, Kool-Aid doctoral thesis. Dah-dit: you can hear the telegrapher's fist keypunching it out: bitterness, frustration: a writer who has had his army cot fragged once too often by associate professors. Subject, formal; structure, formal (review of *œuvre*, then assessment): but tone is badlands alkaline and more informal than wino spit. "I grouchily insist on my status as an Independent voter, and give no quarter to the blathering politicians who can make life such a strain for the civilized minority." What PhD candidate could say that, without the mother of all ibids in support? Ross's bar fight is not with politocracy; it's with people who have more certain tenure. "The English professors . . . concentrated their energies on defining movements within sub-movements of schools. Leave them to it: they are harmless, and their day shall pass." Sounds like someone who was once locked in the Harvard stacks over a weekend and never forgot it.

Ross has gut instincts: those of a pushy young Washington hostess: one angling for good attendance at her first salon. He has invited the best—most saleable—public personae, even when they don't complement his thesis. Buckley, Schlesinger, Galbraith, and Vidal are appropriate. Mailer, not really. Lowell, not at all. And Kissinger the literatus (can you yawn in German?) is around because Kissinger could sell tickets to a comb-and-tissue-paper concert. Ross has "sub-literaries," also: Nixon, Humphrey, Johnson, Truman. This makes his book disjoint, rather like a Lego house put together by three cats. Ross, don't misconstrue, is intelligent and very well-read, but I felt the annoying, constant sense of "Watch me, I'm brash." *The Literary Politicians* is as self-serving as a presidential memoir. Better called *The Literary Politician*. Ross.

His technique is predictable and a bit cheap. He homes in on the early work of each man. From that low vantage, inconsistencies will surprise him. Might as well mug some old woman with a walking brace, particularly when you deal with journalists. I'd hate to defend my non-fiction of 1971 (I'd hate to defend my non-fiction of last October). In a liberal writer, though, change implies growth. In a conservative it implies hypocrisy. For example: Ross has noted "criticism of the liberal 'obsession' with method" in *Up from Liberalism*. Then, during a "semi-serious" mayoral campaign, "He [Buckley] discovered that concrete proposals were useful things to have in politics, and he has been in the cement-mixing business ever since, dragging faithful followers into the quarry with him."

Yet, when we approach Schlesinger and Galbraith, inconsistency becomes understandable. "No one who moves freely between the world of politics and letters can help contradicting himself." And of Galbraith, "It is too much to expect any man to hold to every aspect of a theory of worldly affairs for two decades." Yes. To paraphrase Malcolm Muggeridge on atheists and Christians: only a liberal can know how a conservative should behave. *Someone* should stand for firm ideals. The liberal keeps us honest. And he's disappointed when we let him down by changing.

Ross is fun to be with when he gives Mailer and Lowell a post-natal aborting. I enjoy, as much as anyone, the hammer-down 90-mph ring job. But Lowell might indeed ask, "Why me?"

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(Political because he once corrected a poem or two for Eugene McCarthy?) Ross is just being crotchety here. He has psychological and irrelevant indignities to pay off: sheer athletic spite: someone in the academic community made him eat Lowell and Mailer raw. Of poor Norman he says, "He is a dreadful writer, and deserves oblivion." Nah: not fair. Norman can be très bad, but even his trèsness will arrest your brain or your regularity. Ross misses the brilliant, comic, self-mocking macho satire in *American Dream*. Anyhow, Norman's problem isn't overcoitus or bombast or books-to-pay-off-alimony. Norman's problem is that he won't, won't write a Jewish novel.

"The search for style is the search for the man." Thanks, Mitch, I'll apply that. Ross's style is remarkable only when compared to the general run, walk, of academic criticism. His sentences seem vigorous, aggressive, yet that vigor and aggression depend usually on one or two colloquial words. And the irrepressible, boyish "I." "I" books are more attractive than "we" or "one" books, but the "I" here, especially when its rhetorical woofer has been turned up, will indulge itself in shrill, trite locutions. "Vidal moved from being *suckled at the breast* of Anaïs Nin to *bathing in* the lava *gushed forth* by Eleanor Roosevelt." (Italics mine.) Lava, I grant, isn't a cliché. Lava, re Eleanor Roosevelt, is—God knows what. Maileresque?

But perhaps I've been unkind. This is, after all, an early work of Mitchell S. Ross. He hasn't yet had time to develop healthful inconsistencies. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: Michael K. Orbach's *Hunters, Seamen, and Entrepreneurs: The Tuna Seinermen of San Diego* (University of California, $12.75) is rather too academic a treatment of its subject, but nonetheless fascinating. . . . James C. Humes, a former speechwriter for President Nixon, has put together a *Speaker's Treasury of Anecdotes about the Famous* (Harper, $9.95). At San Clemente, they'll be checking the index for years to come. . . . John H. Westerhoff III's *McGuffey and His Readers: Piety, Morality, and Education in Nineteenth Century America* (Abingdon, $9.95) is a study of the work of a man who had nearly as salubrious an effect on generations of American students as John Dewey had a devastating one.

■ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: Charles A. Lindbergh's *Autobiography of Values* (Harcourt, $12.95) was edited from Lindbergh's journals, correspondence, and other writings by William Jovanovich and Judith A. Schiff. Jovanovich was a personal friend of Lindbergh's, and Miss Schiff is an archivist at Yale, where the flier's papers repose. . . . John A. Garraty, the author of one of the most lucrative history texts ever written for the mass college market, has finished a book called *Unemployment in History: Economic Thought and Public Policy* (Harper, $16). . . . *Ferber: A Biography* (Doubleday, $10.50), by Julie Goldsmith Gilbert, looks to be an interesting book about the Pulitzer Prize-winning writer. . . . Jacques Georges-Picot, author of *The Real Suez Crisis: The End of a Great Nineteenth Century Work* (Harcourt, $10.95), was Director General of the French company that was operating the Canal at the time war broke out in 1956.

■ A LOOK INTO MARCH: Tom Wicker, whose last book, *A Time to Die*, took a sympathetic look at the "victims" of the Attica rebellion, has written a book called *On Press* (Viking, $10), in which he defends the American press against attacks from cynics and assumes an impassioned and heroic stance on the necessity for an adversary press.

On Synthesizing Marxism and Christianity
By Dale Vree
Wiley, 206 pp., $15.75

CUI BONO?

GEORGE M. YOUNG JR.

What do Marxism and Christianity each stand to gain, and what do they stand to lose, if efforts to synthesize them continue?

In the "all you need is love" decade, Christians eager to prove that Jesus was indeed running with them and Marxists eager to show that they too had human faces began to seek common ground, proceeding on the assumption that both sides had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The assumption of most of these dialogues was that Marxism and Christianity were not only compatible, but virtually identical once they were stripped of superfluous appendages. Both, it was proclaimed, were essentially philosophies of social action struggling to establish peace and justice forever in this world. True Marxists (as opposed to cruel Stalinists) were better Christians than the communicants of any established and therefore bigoted church, and true Christians (i.e., civil-rights and antiwar activists) were better Marxists than any of the pachyderms of the Politburo. The struggle that mattered was not Christians against Marxists but, rather, the common struggle of all true Marxists and Christians against the orthodox establishments of their respective faiths.

Someone eventually had to point out that the differences between Marxism and Christianity are fundamental, and that any synthesis is bound to do violence to the integrity of one or the other or both. Dale Vree's book does just that, and does it so conclusively that if rationality governed in such dialogues the point would never have to be made again.

He begins with a refreshingly clear-headed analysis of the historical and psychological matrix out of which the dialogues emerged. With the Second Vatican Council and the Twentieth Party Congress, the spirit of change entered a Church and a Party that owed their power and character precisely to their traditional ability to resist change. The cracks that John XXIII and Khrushchev opened in their respective monoliths inevitably turned to deep divisions. Crises of authority, credibility, and faith itself began to plague both Church and Party. As Vree observes: "What were attempts to set one's house in order ironically intensified the disorder. What were attempts to establish credibility produced more doubt and incited paroxysms of self-doubt." Claims of infallibility and calls for reform do not go well together. As Vree points out, intolerance, while not itself a virtue and while not itself producing vitality, may nevertheless be a symptom of vitality; and the desire for Christian-Marxist dialogue is probably a sign of religious senescence.

For this dialogue is much more actively pursued by Christians than by

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Marxists: "Marxists, by the very nature of their belief system, do not seem tempted by traditional theism, whereas Christians, by the very nature of their heritage, do seem tempted by what they see as an earthly avenue to the New Jerusalem. As a result, the dialogue tends to draw Christians away from a loyalty to 'capitalist democracy' and toward an affinity with Marxist political ideas." However, it is not only Christianity that loses in the dialogue.

In his analysis of dialogical Christianity and dialogical Marxism, Vree does not hesitate to call things by their proper names. Dialogical Christianity is pure heresy, and dialogical Marxism is classic revisionism. Harvey Cox, Jürgen Moltmann, and the other prominent advocates of the dialogue have essentially reformulated the basic tenets of the old Gnostic heresies, which Vree lists as: "1) a second source of revelation, 2) a denial of Original Sin, and 3) a view of the Kingdom as established by man's efforts. Just as the essence of modernity is Gnostic, likewise the essence of modern dialogical Christianity is Gnostic." The second source of revelation varies from new prophet to new prophet: for some it is "the spirit of the age"; for others, "what I really feel is true." In either case, revelation is accompanied by a call to specific social action, politics replaces liturgy, marching in the street replaces sitting in the pew. There is no more sin or ineradicable evil, only bad environments that make good people hurt and destroy each other. God is demoted from omnipotent king to equal, or even junior, partner in the task of realizing utopian and socialist objectives in this world. God's job is to be with us and give His blessing to our holy works. Thus defined, Christianity becomes only a slightly mystical version of Marxism, in which the Holy Spirit serves the function of the laws of history and love does duty for science.

On the Marxist side, the dialogicals use the writings of the young Marx instead of the mature Marx as their scripture. Indeterminism and humanistic idealism replace the historical determinism and dialectical materialism of Marxist orthodoxy. Tolerance of all religions (on the assumption that they will die a natural death), rather than persecution, is the new promise. (But as Vree points out, Lenin also promised tolerance.) The new Marxists welcome the new Christians to the cause, knowing that to exclude them would be to create opposition where none now exists and would be to delay transformations that Christians are eager to put their shoulders to now. It is the Christians who so desperately want, and think they need, the dialogue — the Marxists come chiefly to smile and listen. They do not become Christian Marxists, but merely invite their partners in dialogue to become Marxist Christians.

One point that Vree does not discuss, but which may be worth mentioning, is that the "new" attempt to synthesize Marxism and Christianity is new only in America. Proponents of the dialogue could have saved themselves a great deal of effort and eventual embarrassment if they had looked at a history of Russian religious thought. Berdyaev, Bulgakov, S. L. Frank, and other major figures in the renaissance of Russian religious thought that began in the 1920s were all ex-Marxists who realized, well before Stalinism, that the two systems were fundamentally irreconcilable, and who chose the system that offered freedom and truth.

Probably the closest that any religious thinker has come to incorporating Marxist elements into a Christian system (usually it goes the other way) is the eccentric nineteenth century philosopher Nikolai Fyodorov's attempt to devise a "project" for the literal, physical resurrection of the dead. Science would be brought into the service of religion so that by means of genetic engineering and the restructuring of elementary physical particles (he foresaw all this in the last century) we would eventually be able to remake ourselves into angel-like immortals and resurrect our ancestors (i.e., gather and resynthesize their dispersed particles). Fyodorov accepts Marx's analysis of the economics and history of the world as it is, but his idea of the world as God created man to shape it is a paradise in which the dead fathers have been resurrected by living sons following the way of the Son of God and Man.

Next to that vision, today's chiliastic dialogical Christians seem weak dreamers indeed, their utopias timid and anemic. For that reason alone, disregarding even the unoriginality of their heresies, the threat that dialogical Christianity represents to orthodoxy is probably not a great one—provided that there still is an orthodox Christianity and that it has at last decided that its best move is always to stand firm. In Dale Vree, orthodox Christianity has a brilliant, eloquent new apologist. □

Kontinent 2
Edited by Vladimir Maximov
Anchor, 246 pp., $3.95

VOICES FROM THE RUBBLE

GERHART NIEMEYER

Kontinent is a book-form periodical produced by the "third Russian emigration," the Soviet intellectuals who came out in the Sixties and Seventies —the first emigration having occurred in 1920, the second in 1945 when two million POWs opted for the West. This third emigration, however, is more than a mere displacement of persons. It must be acclaimed as a major intellectual and spiritual event. It consists of a large group which, in a sense, remains continuous across the Iron Curtain: they publish in *samizdat* and *magnetizdat* within Russia as well as with Possev, Grani, and other publishers in the West. The group feel that their calling is not merely to speak to and for Russians; they also address the West and, indeed, all of humanity, and they have included in their publications not only Russian authors but divers ex-Communist Yugoslavs, Poles, Czechs, and Italians as well. Above all, however, theirs is not a mere voice of dissidence—although that is admitted, too—but an artistic, intellectual, and spiritual outburst that has no equal in the world today, a critique born of a new and powerful experience serving as their common source of order.

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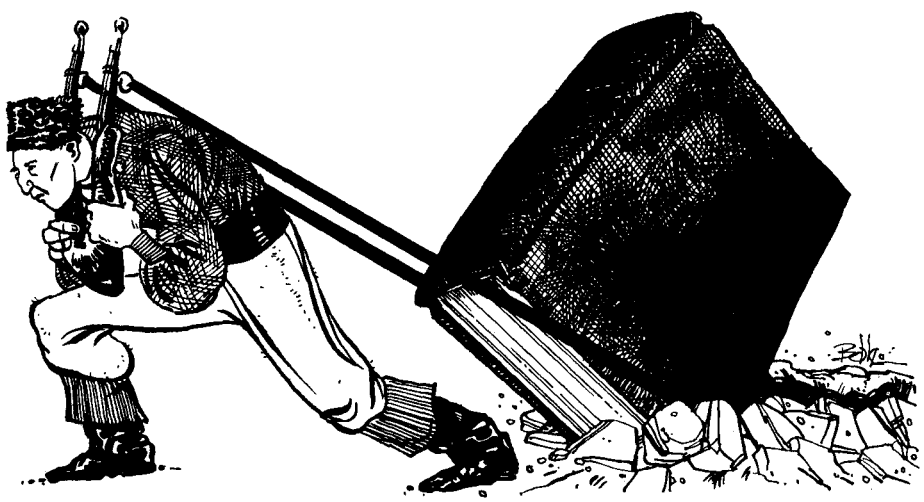
By way of illustration let me mention Mihajlo Mihajlov's article, "Mystical Experiences in the Labor Camps." Basing his argument on the written testimony of Solzhenitsyn, Panin, Shifrin, and Tertz, Mihajlov comments on the astonishing number of prisoners who have experienced a strong and sustaining spiritual force—"descriptions of an intense, concentrated life . . . a life which, despite all torment, was oddly precious. . . . For those who were prepared to sacrifice their body to save their soul, some kind of strange and mysterious law, eluding understanding, preserved them both. . . . These witnesses insist that nothing in their lives occurred by mere fortuity . . . everything occurred by means of some unknown fate, which pulled and drove them along a definite road—against their own plans and attempts to change their own destiny." Mihajlov, of course, is mistaken in his choice of words: he is speaking not of mystical but rather of spiritual experiences. The point, however, is the widespread occurrence of experiences strikingly similar to each other among persons of the most varied backgrounds, and in the absence of a community structure that might have favored such occurrences. The very experience itself —forcing a rethinking "not only of the psychology and psychoanalysis of the twentieth century, but also of Marxism in contemporary Western sociology"—is thus a capital event, as it "explodes the very foundations on which modern science and philosophy are built."

For our modern existence is characterized precisely by the absence of any profoundly original experience. We all have grown up experiencing a mere web of ideas, an existence of second- and third-hand reflections, a feeding of the mind on its own products of yesteryear, which in turn fed on the preceding century's refuse. A few creative scholars have reminded us that philosophy, as well as faith, is born from deep personal experience and that neither can be separated from experience without the life departing from its language. Now here, in the Soviet resistance, we see once again the breaking open of dry ground under the impact of the living experience of many men and women, all driven to the edge of their humanity by the physical and mental tortures of a regime of calculating falsehood.

Other contributions in this book are narratives of incidents with the KGB, reminiscences of remarkable Russian figures, research into aspects of Soviet history, an interpretation of Marx, some poetry. All impress us, not by virtue of style or characterization, but by a peculiar power that comes from being close to the roots (I am trying to avoid the word "radical"). There is nothing comparable to it in Western literature, historiography, philosophy, or spirituality; Mihajlov's report, in the center of the book, enables us to understand why that is so. These people have gone through an inferno of unbelievable suffering, bringing up from its depths their affirmation, whether it articulates itself as an affirmation of man, nature, society, God, or just life. Compared with them, we cannot help feeling insipid. Do we not spend the major efforts of our common life on keeping any kind of suffering away, and when it does com do we not habitually refuse to acce it in faith and obedience?

One of the contributors to this vo ume, Ignazio Silone, said it long ago "The ultimate struggle will be betwee Communists and ex-Communists. Shall we then pray for that totalitai ianism under whose yoke we coul suffer likewise? God forbid. But sinc the pattern of our existence has no made us sensitive to the "deeply rootec voice of the soul" or caused us to fee the "mysterious but at the same time real and powerful force which actec both on the body and in the external world" and of which "one is not the owner" oneself, we could do nothing better than share what these victorious victims of Communism have to tell about it. The voice of new life in our time is the voice coming from under the Soviet rubble. □



Samuel Johnson
By W. Jackson Bate
Harcourt, 646 pp., $19.95

THE QUEST OF THE HISTORICAL JOHNSON

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is a great book, but not a very good life of Johnson. One critic, Donald J. Greene, goes so far as to deny that it is a biography at all: he calls it "an edited diary," a (merely) "minor masterpiece." Boswell gives only a fifth of his book to Johnson's 53 years before their meeting, and the other four fifths are largely a condensed transcript of their conversations, scattered over three hundred days of the remaining 22 years. Even this is full of errors, gaps, distortions, suppressions, and occasional fibs. The seams show. The Johnson it portrays isn't the whole man: parts of Johnson, like his riotously silly humor, seem to have eluded (or were they concealed from?) Boswell. Greene even thinks Boswell was driven by an oedipal resentment of this "father figure" that led him to insert a number of feline debunking touches.

Until fairly recently, Boswell's close-

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ess to Johnson has intimidated attempts at a more comprehensive biography. Joseph Wood Krutch's *Samuel Johnson* (1944) is essentially a meditation on the available data, with nearly full deference to Boswell; as Johnson might put it, he tried to "collect a system"—deduce a world-view—from Johnson's widely distributed remarks. James L. Clifford's *Young Sam Johnson* (1955) painstakingly reconstructed most of the pre-Boswell period: at once laconic, imaginative, and dense with fact, it was a real advance in Johnson scholarship, but it still amounted to a supplement to Boswell. John Wain's recent *Samuel Johnson: A Biography* (1973) is more or less in Krutch's vein, incorporating work like Clifford's in a popular biography that is full of personal reflections.

Now we have Walter Jackson Bate's *Samuel Johnson*, a virtual declaration of independence from Boswell. Of course Bate draws on Boswell, but he makes him only one of several key sources, and by no means the most authoritative of them. If the book did nothing else, it would be remarkable for bringing home to us how unimportant Boswell must have been to Johnson. Not only did Boswell arrive late in Johnson's life. He knew little of his earlier years and of their formative influences and abiding friendships, and Johnson confided to him almost nothing of his stormy inner life (though the acute Boswell recorded tellingly many of the outward flashes and rumbles). Though Bate brings us no news from the archives, he draws together recent scholarship and criticism with an intellectual and intuitive command that makes this book the most profound and original interpretation of Johnson that has yet been written. The most jealous and dedicated Johnsonian will have to acknowledge that he knows his hero the better for reading Bate.

By now it is well known that Johnson's frequently expressed fear of insanity was not inordinate. He had at least two prolonged nervous collapses and intermittent seizures of depression and indolence. These have generally been regarded, however, as incidental and transitory moments in his life and career. Bate shows them as central, seeing them as the great defeats in a lifelong internal struggle which, more often, resulted in that troubled "indolence" for which Johnson censured himself and which, at best, produced monumental victories: Johnson's writings.

Bate is at his very best when he traces the relation between Johnson suffering and Johnson writing, transmuting subtle self-analysis into that peculiarly sturdy prose style that wonderfully fuses introspection and observation: few writers have seemed at once so objective about the world and so intimate with the reader, and Bate shows us how this quality arose from Johnson's need to "manage" his turbulent emotions. Thanks to Bate, Johnson's reputation as a writer may be justly restored to something like the height it enjoyed among his contemporaries. (Those who complain that Boswell neglected to portray the *Rambler* Johnson forget that he was writing for a Britain that took that Johnson for granted: "Boswell's" Johnson was meant as an addition to, not a substitute for, that venerable figure.)

Bate's intelligence is as versatile as it is high. He is equally good in psychological speculation and literary judgment. He gives us a Johnson who is recognizable, and yet distinct from the one we thought we knew. That is praise enough.

A few reservations. Bate's prose is uneven: at best lucid and graceful, at worse pedestrian, humorless, and even clumsy: curious defects in a man so discerning and so much in love with his subject, and who has given so much time and devotion to this work.

Bate's discussion of Johnson's politics occupies only a small part of the book—the feeblest part, yet an instructive one. It is one thing to say that Johnson's Toryism can't be equated with modern conservatism; it is another to say, suggestively, that his Toryism has "far more in common with some aspects of twentieth century liberalism, even with socialism." Every political position probably has a superficial resemblance to "some aspects" of every other position. Vague animadversions against Boswell's defects hardly refute the obvious: Johnson was about as conservative as they come. He favored monarchy and the established church, property rights and distinctions of rank; and he derided republicanism, popular government, unlimited toleration, Dissenters, levelers, meritocrats, and zealots of an uninhibited press. He thought laws could and should uphold good morals: he favored the extirpation of prostitution and advocated the public execution of murderers. He thought women should be especially chaste, and should be kept out of public life.

And the real importance of all these things is not that they show he held conservative views on such and such issues; it is that they point to a deep and integrated conception of human nature in its social aspect. True, Boswell did not comprehend it. But neither does Bate. And because Boswell can give us undigested data where Bate gives us only deductions, however brilliant, the shallow and fragmentary "diary" will remain to all future interpreters what the Gospels are to theologians: problematical, but authoritative. Fundamentalism is doctrinaire, but so is an interpretation that simply ignores or dismisses the uncongenial texts.

The point is important, but it applies to Bate, fortunately, only in the matter of Johnson's politics. For the great virtue of his book is that he has synthesized more facts, and read them with deeper imagination, than any other student of Johnson to date. If Boswell is St. Luke, Bate is *Summa*. □

THE MOVIES

DELICATE LACEWORK

JOHN SIMON

Claude Goretta's *The Lacemaker* addresses itself to little things—greatly. The movie is simple enough; the script, by Goretta and Pascal Lainé, is based on the latter's novel. Béatrice, nicknamed Pomme, is an 18-year-old apprentice in a Paris beauty parlor. She is a shy girl, friendly yet passive, not unlike her mother, whose husband took off when Pomme was a child. A credit sequence, with the camera tracking and

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panning, shows the shop's activities as sufficient for this unassuming innocent. Her best friend, Marilyn, is a rather too experienced young woman about to be dumped by her married lover. The scene in which she is on the phone with him for the last time is a triumph of psychological observation translated into movement even more than dialogue, with camera placement and editing superlatively conveying Pomme's quiet bewilderment at a world whose harmfulness she cannot comprehend, let alone mitigate.

Marilyn and Pomme go off to Cabourg late in the season, somewhere in between the smart set and the desolation. The weather is bad, the place and people disconcerting. Still, Pomme perks up until Marilyn leaves to move in with an American. Pomme is enveloped in a seamless loneliness. The boredom of a miscarried vacation has never been better rendered than in a series of very short scenes here that suggest, against diverse backgrounds, the same stunned isolation. Then François, a literature student from the Sorbonne, who comes here only because his parents live nearby, talks to Pomme briefly at a café. They part. There is a montage of elegiac scenes in which each of them—he consciously, she unconsciously—searches for the other in vain. They meet again, and very slowly become friends and eventually lovers. With masterly skill, Goretta embeds the seeds of their incompatibility in the very scenes of courtship. They move into a Paris garret apartment together: she continues to work, he to study.

François' typically French bourgeois family, in a brief but agonizing meeting, freeze into genteel disapproval of a beautician. The youth's friends find Pomme likable, but talk over her head. Timorously, she tries to learn; he would teach her, but there is so much she doesn't know, and his time and patience are limited. He is embarrassed by her ignorance, exasperated by her passivity, and made to feel guilty by his curtness with someone so kind, gentle, and loving. Her uneagerness to go to school and improve herself (she wants to help him finish *his* studies first) unsettles him; soon he finds even her bites into an apple jarring.

The Lacemaker is a film without much action; it deals mostly in reactions. The dialogue is sparse, but pungent and poignant. Much of it is spoken by eyes rather than mouths. Silences tingle with affection, puzzlement, anxiety, good will, and bad blood. In fact, the story unfurls not so much in the events, which are small, as in the spaces between them, which are vast and filled with living. Expectant, contented, boring, and anguished living, its ordinariness perceived so sharply and tenderly as to loom no less miraculous than a human hair under a microscope. Goretta's compassionate comprehension of the human condition is the most powerful of all microscopes, with the camera for its compliant lens, trustily recording the minutest changes.

TAKE A NIGHT SCENE toward the end of the affair. François is looking out of the window at nothing. Pomme undresses confidently, sweetly approaches him, and puts a bare arm around his sweatshirted waist; his sleeve, perfunctorily brushing her nakedness, is almost a gauntlet. From the way her head is tilted upward, though the entire shot is from the back, we know the pleading expression on her unseen face; from the mere closeness of his head to the window, we can gauge his unresponsiveness. She slinks off to bed: a naked, vulnerable figure, defeated by his rigid back, his silence, his clothes.

Béatrice returns to her mother, and the film records with infinite solicitude the stages of her decline. Running away from a phone booth that has finally become available is followed by being able to negotiate all the steps of a stairway except the last. One day she collapses at a busy street crossing; Goretta films most of it in long shot, distance making it more inexorable, awful. Finally, she is in a mental hospital up north somewhere, and François comes to visit her. The colors are pale yellow and blue-grey: cold. Sere foliage crackles underfoot as they pace the hospital gardens; a doctor whom Pomme proudly describes as an acquaintance walks by ignoring her; she pathetically invents amorous adventures in Greece (she never got closer to it than posters in the recreation room) to let François off the hook, and he merely takes badly. These and the many other details of the visit are etched in pure pair Take the paired, blank-voiced *oui, oui* with which she answers his insisten questioning: a dying person might s agree with someone complaining abou the weather.

Goretta can pull off elaborate cran shots such as the circular pan arounc Cabourg that ends with a zoom-in or Pomme walking forlornly, but that is not what the young Swiss director (making his first movie in France) is interested in. Like his superb cinematographer, Jean Boffety, he is not out to impress with his technique, only to evoke particulars with the ultimate accuracy that comes as much from self-effacement as from talent. Take the emblematic moment when Pomme deposits a sea-shell she has been carrying about in her pocket on the cross of an American soldier who fell on D-day: a frail girl pays a tiny tribute to one out of so monstrously many crosses. No closeup; only a medium-long shot, scrupulously laconic. Or consider the treatment of a character as secondary as the unsubstantial Marilyn: she is accorded a number of scenes in which she can reveal her frivolous yet desperately frightened nature—without prettification and, therefore, with true pathos. Florence Giorgetti plays her wrenchingly.

But all the performances, from leads to walk-ons, are carved out of truth. Yves Bereyton's François is a perfect insecure, nervous young intellectual, trying hard for magnanimity, but managing only correctness. Even more remarkable is the 22-year-old Isabelle Huppert's Béatrice: a heart-rendingly vivid presence fashioned out of timidity and inarticulateness, whom the author's epilogue compares to the humble artisans of yesteryear finding fulfillment in work as seamstresses, water carriers, lacemakers (an allusion, surely, to Vermeer's great painting in the Louvre)—people whose worth we pass by unnoticing in our present rush.

No more than in his two previous gems, *The Invitation* and the here stu-

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pidly mistitled *The Wonderful Crook* (released in Europe under the title *Pas si méchant que ça*), does Goretta sentimentalize; even the score he gets from the excellent Pierre Jansen is lovely but spare—mostly a cello-piano duo situated somewhere between Satie and late Debussy. *The Lacemaker* is a film we do not go to judge, but go to be judged by; it makes "masterpiece" a clean word once again. □

ART

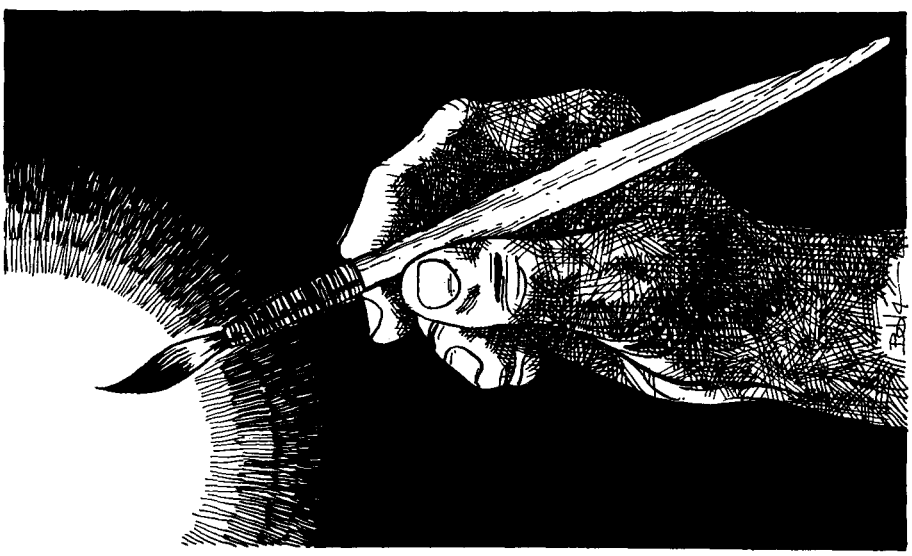
IRISH AND CHRISTIAN

RUTH BERENSON

Most of us think of the centuries succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire as a time of unrelieved doom and catastrophe, with barbarian tribes crisscrossing the European map, with the light of learning, of art, of classical civilization extinguished—in short, as a Dark Age when the beacon of Christianity was only barely kept alive. Now, either by design or by coincidence, the Metropolitan Museum is playing host simultaneously to two remarkable exhibitions which cast a new, bright light on this obscure period and prove that, far from being a cultural and artistic void, it was nearly as fecund as the times preceding and following it.

One exhibition, rather misleadingly called *The Age of Spirituality*, surveys late antique and early Christian art from the third to the seventh centuries, concentrating largely on work produced in eastern centers like Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople. Its list of lenders reads like a Who's Who of museums and libraries from the Kremlin to the Vatican and points west. The other, *Treasures of Irish Art, 1500* B.C., *to 1500* A.D., includes nearly all the most precious objects scattered through Irish national collections, few of which have ever been permitted to leave their native land before, let alone cross the Atlantic. After its closing (on January 15), the Irish Art show will travel to San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Boston, and Philadelphia; the Early Christian show, however, can be seen only in New York (to February 12). It is worth the trip.

The differences between the two exhibitions do much to illuminate the art of these troubled centuries. Within the Roman world, the humanistic, classical tradition endured, long outlasting Emperor Constantine's conversion and providing the basic underpinnings of Christian art for centuries thereafter. Following the Roman practice, Constantine and his pagan forebears were elevated to the status of gods; two hundred years later, artists were representing Emperor Justinian in much the same way. Christian painters and sculptors transformed a youthful Adam or Jesus into Orpheus, and the hapless Jonah reappears as Neptune. The peaceful coexistence of paganism and Christianity was more or less taken for granted, so that a fourth century marriage casket could exhort a young bride to "live in Christ" and at the same time display a graceful half-nude Aphrodite on its lid.



The classical tradition spread all over Eastern and Western Europe—except Ireland, where a native art of astonishing sophistication can be traced back some two thousand years before Christ. We know little about the so-called "beaker folk" who made the beautiful, unadorned works in gold, silver, and bronze that are the earliest of the treasures the Irish Republic has sent to America; we do not know much more about the Celts who conquered them sometime in the first century after Christ, for scholars are still trying to disentangle fact from legend. The Celts, too, were accomplished metal-workers, but they had a penchant for complex decoration in the form of sinuous spirals and interlacings. This style may have derived originally from their contacts with Scandinavia, but in the course of time it became the trademark of Irish authorship. While animals frequently occur, usually linked together in endless chains, the human figure, which is so central to the classical tradition, is notable by its absence. Not until long after the island was Christianized (in the fifth century, by St. Patrick and others from Roman Britain) does it appear. Yet even then, the Irish love of pure, linear abstract design persisted, so that the Apostle portraits in the eighth century Book of Kells, Ireland's most famous illuminated Gospels, are flat, hieratical, barely recognizable as human.

IRISH CONTACTS with barbarian-infested northern Europe and even with Africa seem to have been extensive during these so-called Dark Ages. Not only did their missionaries establish monasteries as far east as Salzburg and Vienna and even in Italy itself (at Lucca and Fiesole), but Irish seamen traded in the Mediterranean, especially with Coptic Egypt. It is thus no accident that the Virgin and Child in the Book of Kells closely resembles Coptic renderings of the same subject. In both, the figures are icons—flat, dematerialized, with staring black-rimmed eyes that seem focused on an inner vision, on the after-life, not on this world.

In both East and West, this transcendent vision gradually became all-absorbing, superseding the classical, humanistic world-view that had prevailed for so many centuries. Not enough is known about this period to

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establish whether or not the potency of Irish art contributed to this phenomenon; in any event, after the eighth century it, too, gradually faded out as a separate and distinct style. By then, however, the Dark Ages had ended. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HONOR THE PROMISE, *by Robert F. Drinan (Doubleday, 250 pp., $7.95).* In the past three decades Israel has survived four wars, a continuous state of siege, and a steady stream of hyperbolic vituperation from numerous critics. Yet, she survives as a constant factor in the muddled Middle Eastern equation, which defies a solution. William F. Buckley Jr. once suggested that the United States solve the dilemma by conferring statehood on Israel. Not so imaginative is Congressman Drinan, who intones: "In the post-Auschwitz world, Christians have an undeniable duty to extend support to Israel because of the reparation and restitution which humanity and particularly Christians owe to a group six million of whom were slaughtered in nations where Christians simply did not offer that level of resistance which was minimally required." Fine. But he then proceeds to outline the reasons why this support may not be forthcoming. The burgeoning PLO is already gaining greater international recognition and respectability. The United Nations funnels millions of dollars for Palestinian "relief," while passing resolutions branding Israel a racist aggressor. Meanwhile, the OPEC nations close the oil spigots. So Father Drinan urges a united Christian front. Yet previously he has suggested that antisemitism is endemic to Christianity. Now, let's have another look at that statehood plan . . . ALAN L. MILLER

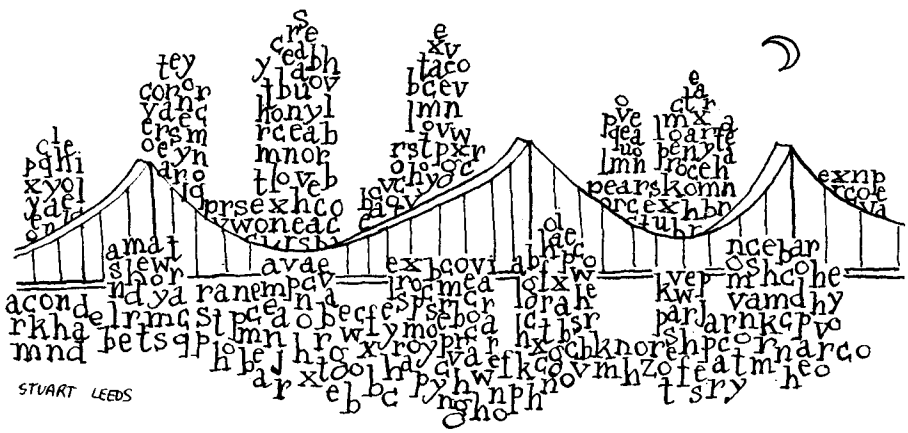
MARINA AND LEE, *by Priscilla Johnson McMillan (Harper, 527 pp., $15).* Lee Harvey Oswald had been a Marxist of sorts all his adult life. As the spoiled child of a hateful widow, he had joined the Marines, tried to convert his fellow-enlistees, attempted suicide, defected to the USSR, attempted suicide again, married a Russian girl, and told the author of this book (who interviewed him in Moscow) that he wanted to give the American people "something to think about." Then he defected back to the U.S., joined the Castroites (and when they wouldn't have him, the anti-Castroites), was rejected by both the Communist Party and the Trotskyists, took a pot-shot at a right-wing general, and, when that failed to win him immortality as an "idealist," gunned down a President whom he admired. He was convinced that this act would be effective in bringing down a "system" that doggedly refused to recognize him. The explanation of the assassination as a "conspiracy" is once and for all scotched, though those who refuse to believe that one sick individual could have acted alone will surely continue to doubt. No one could be better qualified than Priscilla Johnson McMillan to lay bare the complexities of the assassin's motives. She alone knew *both* the murderer and the victim before the shooting took place. She alone was able to win the confidence of the only person close enough to Oswald to have understood (in retrospect) his motives. As a trained sociologist, Russian linguist, and Kremlinologist, her qualifications were complete. Her book is a masterpiece, its suspense in no way diminished by one's knowledge of the terrible outcome. SELDEN RODMAN

THE SUN AND THE MOON, *by Niccolo Tucci (Knopf, 657 pp., $10.95).* Can a vapid socialite find happiness with a male chauvinist bore? Niccolo Tucci's lengthy, elaborate romance asks the question but doesn't bother to answer it. Perhaps because romantic love is becoming extinct (at least, that's what social scientists say), Tucci has chosen to set his book in another place and another time. He uses his lovers' encounter to paint a broad social panorama of Rome at the turn of the century, pricking the pretensions of cardinals and intellectuals, butlers and beggars, cabbies and queens. The naïve Leonardo stumbles through his lady's aristocratic world making social gaffes amid parodies of sophisticated intellectual arguments. The wit, alas, degenerates into a simple slapstick of rowdy table manners, mixed-up overcoats, and broken crockery. The book's Latin excess, which is its strong point, is also its flaw. The rhetoric is too flowery, the ideas too profuse, the intrigues too complex. Leonardo's narrow sexist prejudices and macho obsession with honor make display more important than substance, and it is his trite baroque mind which forms the book. There is not even an attempt to make a social, political, moral, or any other point. Nor do the lovers have a believable loving relationship. At the conclusion of 657 pages, they have neither possessed each other nor had a penetrating conversation. One suspects that if they ever did, they would both flee in horror.

CAROLE CLEAVER

FULL DISCLOSURE, *by William Safire (Doubleday, 525 pp., $10.95).* This "novel" is a long series of very bad sentences. The "characters" speak exclusively in stupid clichés. And he has a lot of trouble opening his chapters, poor Mr. Safire, which he copes with as best he knows how by being bright and snappy. In his White House, we feel that everyone has been chewing gum just before uttering the flat remarks that are his approximation of dialogue. That is all part of his cynical fabrication of a plot by which to convey his observations. But he has one or two authentic observations. They are of genuine interest. 1) Though this was not his intention, he makes one realize that even the White House no longer has a large staff of well-trained servants: so you can hardly obtain silence, comfort, dignity, or any largeness of vision; nor is there any perceptible sense of the past in such a place. Instead there is a huge staff of college-trained aides. Each of them is supposed to be ambitious, but has nowhere really to go within the organization. Unreal distinctions are invented by multiplying titles. And with such a huge crowd milling around no one can really know quite what is going on, and few can do much of anything. 2) Safire understands Nixon. If you are willing to accept the unpleasant premise that the Nixon character is under pressure to resign not because of Watergate but because he is stone blind, the account of his mental processes during his final departure in the last 12 pages is singularly plausible. Like the other characters, Safire's President ("Sven Ericson") often has no special qualities, but occasionally he is recognizably and quintessentially Nixonian: and his sane,

(Continues on page 109)



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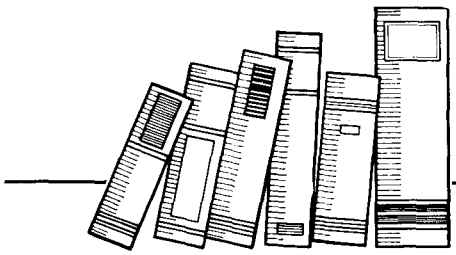

Dark Horses

IF YOU'RE LOOKING for balanced treatment of the hottest political issue of the day, *The Panama Canal Controversy* (Hoover Institution, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $5.95), by Paul B. Ryan, comes pretty close to filling the bill.

Captain Ryan, a naval historian with extensive experience in the Caribbean, offers a little something for everybody. His discussion of the origins of the Canal, the diplomatic maneuvers by which it was obtained for the United States, and the issue of "sovereignty" do not always put the U.S. in the most favorable light and will not be uniformly pleasing to Canal hard-liners. Nor is he greatly exercised about the economic significance of the waterway to the United States.

On the other hand, Ryan places utmost stress on the military importance of the Canal, and raises points suggesting that a soft-boiled policy toward Panama is the surest way to buy additional trouble. His chronicle of previous concessions by Presidents (Franklin) Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson indicates that every new conciliation by our officials has led to new demands by Panama, bringing us down to the present treaties and conjuring up the likelihood of still further demands should they be ratified.

Even more to the point, Ryan shows that joint defense arrangements with Panama and artful ambiguities of language, both prominent features of the present treaties, have led to horrendous problems in the past. Under the Hull-Alfaro treaty of 1936, for instance, Panama balked at defensive measures we felt were needed on the eve of World War II, which suggests all too plainly that defense-by-consultation just doesn't work. Though the author wrote his book before the Carter-Torrijos treaties were made public (he handles them in a postscript), his history raises ominous questions concerning them.

In the meantime, opponents of the treaties have been making headway on the subject of human rights in Panama—a raw Achilles heel for Jimmy Carter. In a pamphlet entitled *Violation of Human Rights and Civil Liberties in Panama* (Council on Inter-American Security, 919 18th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $1), Dr. Gustave Anguizola, a native Panamanian who teaches at the University of Texas, takes the Torrijos regime to task for assorted violations of human freedom. According to Anguizola, not only does Torrijos run a one-party state, but he has muzzled the press, and has exiled or locked up his chief opponents.

ALSO AVAILABLE from the Council on Inter-American Security (and also $1) is Dr. Roger Fontaine's study, *U.S.-Cuban Relations: A New, New Look.* This is a lively, well-written account of recent American moves toward *rapprochement* with Fidel Castro, set against the backdrop of continued aggression by Cuban Communists in Africa and elsewhere. Fontaine, a Latin American specialist at Georgetown, concludes that we should indeed be talking to Fidel, but that the subject of these conversations should be the release of Cuba's political prisoners and restitution to American companies and citizens whose property has been expropriated.

Finally, for those who want a brief conspectus of what Fidel has been doing in recent months, *Cuba: Island of Terror* (America's Future, 542 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801; 25¢), by Philip C. Clarke, is highly recommended. Clarke, a former Associated Press correspondent in Havana who is now with the American Security Council, provides a documented overview of Castro's activities, with emphasis on the Africa campaign and Cuban violations of elementary freedoms. On this analysis, it is hard to see what Fidel has done of late to merit any favors from our State Department.

—M. STANTON EVANS

1977
National Review
INDEX

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GENTLEMAN (45), erudite, dynamic professional, R.C., fond of nature, art, and classical music, seeks female companion: unattached, cultured, cheerful, kind, and concordant. Write NR Box 3090.

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FUTURE FAMILIES lists over 100 conservative singles nationwide. Sample copy: $2.00; ads: 10¢ per word (up to 50 words). Write: Conservative Dating Service, Suite 3308, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.

A NEGLECTED GLORY: The Catholic Presence in America. Bicentennial book by conservative columnist Frank Morriss. $2.00 each or 5 for $5.00. F. Teskey, Box 1942, Detroit, Mich. 48231.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

J[ohn] G[reenleaf] WHITTIER:

A Christmas Carmen

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Erratum: *The solution for the December 23 Trans-O-Gram which appeared in the January 6 issue omitted the italicized material in the following sentence:* Print is convenient, so you may read *what you want, at the speed you want, and* when you want to.

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humdrum, political response to all things, even to disgrace and ruin, has an uncanny note of reality. There was nothing in Nixon to justify the hatred he inspired. Well, he did Alger Hiss a bit of no good, and some groups make a virtue of being unforgiving; and he exposed the lack of general enthusiasm for the Left by his humiliation of McGovern, so he had to expect gnashing of the teeth among stars of stage, screen, and radio. But there was never a real person like the monster that editors in New York railed at and rallied against. Yet there was some quality in him that genuinely irritated a couple of generations, and a sense of how that quality emerged under his ordeal is what (almost) justifies (a part of) this non-novel.

FARLEY CLINTON

ANNE SEXTON—*A Self-Portrait in Letters, edited by Linda Grey Sexton and Lois Ames (Houghton Mifflin, 448 pp., $15).* Anne Sexton's life began when she took to writing poems late in her twenties. Knowing that she had found an identity in her art, and knowing that poets' letters are collected into books, she carboned her letters and kept copies—until the day in 1975 when she finally succeeded, after many earlier failures, in taking her own life. This volume, subtitled *A Self-Portrait in Letters,* is an extraordinary document. Conscious of writing to be overheard, she nonetheless exposed herself manipulating other poets, editors, friends. I lose track of how many people she credits with discovering her. We watch her flattering someone in one letter and contradicting the flattery in a letter to someone else. Before she turned poet—we are told—she was boy-crazy and seductive: she became poet-crazy and remained seductive. Her art was always the art of self-exposure, and her selected letters continue the literature of soul-flashing. She tests us: this is how I am; take it or leave it. And for all the lies, hypocrisy, and political maneuvering, we take it and we do not leave it. For this soul—alternately wretched and ecstatic, triumphant and suicidal—is one that we come reluctantly to admire. Against what odds of neurosis, what troops of self-destruction, what armies of despair, does she deploy that part of herself that wishes to survive! Although we know that she succumbed eventually to the internal enemy, these letters show an heroic struggle.

DONALD HALL

TO BE PRESERVED FOREVER, *by Lev Kopelev (Lippincott, 268 pp., $12.50).* This is a superbly narrated biographical account of life in the maw of the Soviet beast told by someone who has remained a Marxist out of myopic and, I think, culpable idealism. A Russian Jew, Lev Kopelev joined the fringes of the Trotskyist heresy while still in his teens. A few years later, rehabilitated, he took part in the "dekulakization," and in the Second World War served as a gung-ho interrogator and propagandist shouting, "For the Fatherland! For Stalin!" as he rushed into battle. It was in the war, however, that he incurred the displeasure of the Soviet authorities by expressing his disappointment over the rapacious behavior of the Red Army in East Prussia, calling it a breach of "Socialist morality." He was ejected from the Party, arrested on charges of "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda," tried three times, and imprisoned in Gulag until 1954. The bulk of the book is devoted to Kopelev's trials and early imprisonment, and to dozens of perceptive and compassionate "sketches" of his fellow prisoners—how they got where they were and how they were treated. Meanwhile Kopelev, through references to the fine old Bolsheviks, the necessity for "a new system of authentic Marxist ethics," and the like, prepares the reader for what George Kaiser reveals more directly in the Afterword: that he again sought and obtained Party membership and that he now shares "the values of the early Karl Marx, the humanist Marx who has been compared to an Old Testament prophet."

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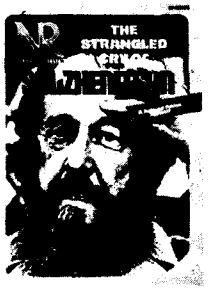

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Vernon Jordan's Nostrums

On The Right

New York, Dec. 21—There are dividends in this business, as witness that I have recently been prayed over—that the Lord should "forgive" me. For what? (I mean, beyond my workaday capitulation to the seven cardinal vices?) For my indifference to pain and suffering. The circumstances were an Equal Opportunity Day dinner given by the National Urban League in New York. The National Urban League is headed by Mr. Vernon Jordan, and the prayer offered by the Reverend Charles Cobb ("May God forgive William F. Buckley, who lives in an academic ivory tower, away from the pain and suffering") was in retaliation against a column that appeared in this space making the point that Mr. Jordan is unwise in committing the black community to a set of social programs which ought not to be labeled as "black" any more than, say, Social Security should be labeled as a "white" program.

Mr. Vernon Jordan, who is bright and quick-witted, has renewed hostilities by sending out his own column in which, however amiably, he returns my compliment (I called him the leading spokesman for the black community) by calling me the spokesman "for the kind of conservative thinking that went out with the demise of Louis XVI," though the conservative thinking with which I associate myself is of the same kind as that of the last two guys (Professors Hayek and Friedman) who got Nobel Prizes for economics.

Mr. Jordan went on to dispose of my "digression into the applicability of an eighteenth century sage's quaint ideas about who should vote." The eighteenth century sage in question, John Stuart Mill, was born six years after the eighteenth century had gone to its reward. But after another reference to Mr. Buckley's "sheltered ivory tower," Mr. Jordan comes to the point. It is that the black people are "disproportionately unemployed, disproportionately ill-housed, disproportionately subjected to inferior health care," and therefore it ought not to surprise anyone that blacks are politically committed to bills that seek to reduce unemployment, ill-housing, and ill health.

The key point here is the word "disproportionate." It is correct that, for instance, there are far more blacks unemployed than whites. But consider these figures.

In 1976, black unemployment was 13 per cent, while white unemployment was 7 per cent. Call it two to one.

In 1948, white unemployment was 3.5, black unemployment 5.9. Less than two to one, and the change has been to the disadvantage of blacks.

What has happened since 1948? The public sector has increased by 300 per cent. Civil rights bills of every variety have been passed. Affirmative action prevails. We have Medicaid, and Medicare, and any number of federal housing acts. The minimum wage has risen in real terms over 100 per cent.

AND? And black unemployment has increased slightly more than white unemployment, but white unemployment has doubled. As for black teenagers, unemployment soars. The figures were first separated in 1954, when 16 per cent of black teenagers were unemployed. At that time, 12 per cent of white teenagers were unemployed.

In 1976, black teenage unemployment had risen to 37 per cent. White teenage unemployment had risen to 17 per cent. A ratio of over two to one.

And, once again, during the period in question, there was a vast increase in federal welfare spending of the kind Mr. Jordan wants us now to increase yet again.

Now, for every unemployed black—never mind the disproportion in the percentages for a moment—there are five unemployed whites. If it were obvious that inflationary programs would help to relieve unemployment, we would presumably—under white political pressure—undertake those programs. That there is a reluctance to do so is a mark of creeping economic intelligence. For Mr. Jordan to stir up the black community by insisting in effect on programs tentatively rejected by the white population—notwithstanding that (if they worked) the gross effect of such programs would be to help more whites than blacks—is to stimulate a kind of intellectual ghetto of ignorance among black voters which is hardly in their best interest. □

THE IDEOLOGIZATION OF AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

New York, Dec. 19—The announcement by Amnesty International that it would henceforward devote its resources to a campaign against capital punishment is received by some of the organization's advisors and supporters with sadness. We are sad at the stupidity of the decision and at the inevitable sectarianization of the amnesty movement.

The Amnesty International idea began simply; and the organization's growth and its support from liberals and conservatives reflected a general consensus among civilized people that dissidents who are not guilty of violent crimes should not be tortured, imprisoned, or killed. One would think that such a program would be quite enough to exhaust a full budget of any man's compassion for his fellow man.

Men and women who have worked for Amnesty include the most idealistic in this world, who protest inhumanity whether from the Left or from the Right. Amnesty's reputation for tendentious compassion arises in part because it is a fact of life that full-time bleeding hearts tend to notice depredations from the Right while ignoring depredations from the Left—it is a congenital astigmatism. But it is also a matter of the availability of information.

This is Monday. How many people were tortured, imprisoned, or killed yesterday in Mainland China? Not

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even the most sophisticated Peeping Tom satellite can give us the answer to that question, let alone the brave souls of Amnesty International. But the entire board of directors of Amnesty International can travel to Argentina tomorrow, or to Chile, or the Philippines, look in the Yellow Pages under "Dissent, Organized," and start assembling their information. Notwithstanding, Amnesty has acquired prestige and, of course, very recently was awarded the Nobel Prize. Those of us who have, with whatever reservations, encouraged Amnesty are now dismayed by the news: Amnesty has come out against capital punishment.

Now, there are perfectly respectable arguments against capital punishment. The point, of course, is that these arguments are unconnected with the proposition that one should not punish anyone for the crime of expressing himself nonviolently on any question. That is the point of Amnesty. So to speak, its call letters. If someone is guilty of violence—let us say, a hijacker, or a terrorist—then that man does not qualify for the sponsorship of Amnesty. That man is subject to the penalty of the law.

What penalty? A year in prison? Ten years? Life? Execution? These are choices open to the various societies. Why is it the business of Amnesty International to insert itself in quarrels over appropriate forms of punishment? Why should it be supposed that those persons who give support to Amnesty —whether by writing letters in behalf of its adoptees, or by sending money to defray administrative expenses—for the purpose of registering a vote in behalf of freedom of conscience, should automatically sign on in an international drive against capital punishment? What is the nexus?

THE American Civil Liberties Union, which alas has been heavily ideologized over many years, recently did everything in its power to stay the execution of Gary Gilmore even though there was no doubt a) that he had been extended every civil liberty known to man; b) that he had been fairly tried; c) that the courts had authorized capital punishment; and d) that he had asked to be executed. Why should someone who favors civil liberties understand himself to favor the right of the state to forbid a condemned man from catalyzing the penalty to which he has been legally sentenced?

The decision of Amnesty International to go for the abolition of capital punishment is stupid in the most unforgivable sense of the word. It is a triumph of ideology over compassion. Because as things are left, those who believe that capital punishment is a legitimate exercise of social authority, but who believe that the punishment of the individual conscience is not, are going to have to suspend their support of an agency that has done so much, and could do so much, to help lonely men and women in every area of the world who have never committed a crime but who suffer for having expressed their opinion. Now suddenly they find that they are in a common pool, laboring over objects of the compassion of Amnesty International that suddenly include the Black Septembrist or the Japanese Red Army member sentenced to death.

As a longtime member of the Advisory Board of Amnesty International, I step forward to suggest the nature of the problem. I resign. □

RHODESIAN BLUES

New York, Dec. 12 —Concerning the developments in Rhodesia, a few observations:

1. The concession that has now been wrested from Ian Smith—one man, one vote, for all males and females 18 years old or older—is ironic testimony to the cultural imperialism of the United States and Great Britain.

There isn't another nation in all of Africa (Botswana is a qualified exception) that gives everyone the vote. Indeed, most of them don't give anyone a vote. But America's position on the subject, perfectly captured by the tone of the headline in the Sunday *New York Times* ("Smithie Says/ It at Last: One/ Man, One Vote") is the ultimate degradation of democratic dogma, the rival of any of the superstitions practiced by Africa's native doctors.

One-man, one-vote came to the United States in 1964 via a Supreme Court decision that flatly contradicts United States constitutional tradition. And the elimination of literacy tests was a demagogic oblation by populist legislators to the democratic utopia: the society in which everyone is educated, and everyone votes for the common weal.

Ian Smith probably had no alternative; he is reaping a bitter harvest of years of racial exclusionism. But it is humiliating that the United States and Great Britain should be so enthusiastic about the forthcoming charade.

2. The United States and Great Britain, having served as Dr. Frankenstein, are now in a dither over the beast. The reference is to the so-called Patriotic Front. This is an assembly of guerrillas who are not Rhodesian (except in rare instances) and who have engaged in terrorism from the sanctuaries of the so-called Front Line states, those countries that border on Rhodesia. Ian Smith has said that he will deal with Bishop Muzorewa and two other black Rhodesian leaders, all three of whom have renounced terrorism. Andrew Young, as so often the first man to fire from the hip, immediately denounced Ian Smith.

Why doesn't Andrew Young denounce the Israelis for refusing to sit down with the Palestine Liberation Organization? Anyone who has ever had any sympathy for the Israelis' declining to negotiate with terrorists should understand the position of Ian Smith.

But the United States is so consumed by the desire to ingratiate itself with African states that do not extend to their own citizens any of the liberties they are ostensibly demanding for the Rhodesians, that it is going along with the act, putting pressure on Bishop Muzorewa to demand that any nationalist organization, including the Patriotic Front, be invited to the negotiating table.

This, Muzorewa has done, but it is widely assumed the Patriotic Front leaders will not attend the meeting. Why? Because Mr. Mugabe and Mr. Nkomo do not want to submit to a popularity contest up against Muzorewa and the moderates. They threaten, therefore, to boycott the meeting and continue hostilities. Their threat is backed up by the diplomatic prestige of the Front Line states. These fear that a hearty plebiscitary endorsement by black Rhodesians of the nonviolent leadership of Muzorewa would have the effect of invalidating their intervention over the past few blood-ridden years. Face, in Africa, counts for at least as much as it does in Washington; and, in a pinch, diplomats of any country, anywhere, tend to think first about their reputation, and only after that about the consequences of their diplomacy. Resulting?

3. In the United States' facing a situation in which it is embarrassed by its failure to associate itself with terrorists and ideologues who want nothing less than to bestow upon the people of Rhodesia all the blessings that lately came to Mozambique and Angola. Look forward to another triumph in U.S. foreign policy. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Understood by Frenchmen — 3 160 127 111 105 193 6

B. Society's fringe in Paris — 8 113 175 27 199 152 146 196 192

C. A small kangaroo in Australia — 31 68 22 201 81 169 16

D. A hypothetical parent language — 35 7 46 52 87 104 107 112 155 165 170

E. How one basking might ask "Who goes there?" — 48 9 154 147 141 2 21 177

F. A serenade in Berlin (not by Berlin!) — 172 17 26 108 41 91 153 182 116 103

G. Just between Alphonse and Gaston — 88 82 71 4 178 29 58 10 131

H. Desire to travel in Germany — 139 28 36 110 19 90 45 134 156 162

I. A fairy queen held to govern men's dreams (who holds her?) — 38 47 51

J. An Italian speeding up in tempo — 145 98 61 66 200 93 119 125 142 168 174

K. These wanderers might desert — 151 74 115 102 85 30

L. The Ephraimites were caught with this catch phrase — 189 42 89 11 65 72 135 37 161 163

M. Hot springs for Latins — 55 157 5 62 186 167 143

N. A foxy character in a French epic — 18 84 202 117 188 96 144

O. A type of baseball pitch — 183 34 43 80 92 99 1

P. A mock serenade for French newlyweds — 173 32 164 150 23 184 194 191 120

Q. This is permissible in baseball, but not if you can't get to first base — 54 179 171 148 12

R. A Republican congressman from Pascagoula — 77 121 24 126

S. Not a fine how-do-you do — 130 33 63 94 133 149

T. Hebrew for a ritual slaughterer of animals — 69 128 39 132 13 75

U. A French potato, not necessarily a French fry — 20 56 57 64 67 49 78 86 95 100 114 129

V. An understanding in French — 109 122 70 180 40 76 138

W. A former Siamese coin and a football player will make you sit up and take notice — 118 123 197 140 181 14

X. An inclosure for ensnaring wild elephants — 83 124 185 136 50

Y. What our Latin brethren call their cistern — 198 158 176 15 53 59 25 190 101

Z. A comic strip of many years ago (after *The*) — 195 159 73 137 97

a. German (1749-1832) who predicted that U.S. would build Panama Canal — 106 44 60 79 166 187

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 108 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O	2 E	3 A	4 G	5 M		6 A	7 D	8 B	9 E	10 G	11 L	12 Q	13 T	14 W	15 Y	16 C		17 F	18 N
19 H		20 U	21 E	22 C	23 P	24 R	25 Y	26 F	27 B	28 H	29 G	30 K		31 C	32 P	33 S		34 O	35 D
36 H	37 L		38 I	39 T	40 V	41 F	42 L	43 O		44 a	45 H	46 D		47 I	48 E	49 U		50 X	51 I
52 D	53 Y	54 Q		55 M	56 U		57 U	58 G	59 Y	60 a		61 J	62 M	63 S	64 U		65 L	66 J	67 U
68 C	69 T	70 V		71 G	72 L		73 Z	74 K	75 T	76 V	77 R	78 U		79 a	80 O	81 C	82 G	83 X	84 N
85 K		86 U	87 D	88 G	89 L	90 N		91 F	92 O	93 J	94 S	95 U	96 N	97 Z		98 J	99 O	100U	
101Y	102K	103F	104D	105A	106a		107D	108F	109V		110H	111A	112D	113B	114U	115K	116F	117N	118W
119J	120P	121R	122V		123W	124X	125J	126R		127A	128T	129U	130S		131G	132T	133S	134H	135L
136X		137Z	138V		139H	140W	141E	142J	143M	144N		145J	146B	147E		148Q	149S	150P	
151K	152B	153F	154E	155D	156H	157M	158Y	159Z	160A	161L		162H	163L	164P	165D		166a	167M	168J
	169C	170D	171Q	172F		173P	174J	175B	176Y	177E	178G	179Q	180V	181W	182F	183O	184P	185X	
186M	187a	188N	189L	190Y	191P	192B	193A		194P	195Z	196B		197W	198Y	199B	200J	201C	202N	

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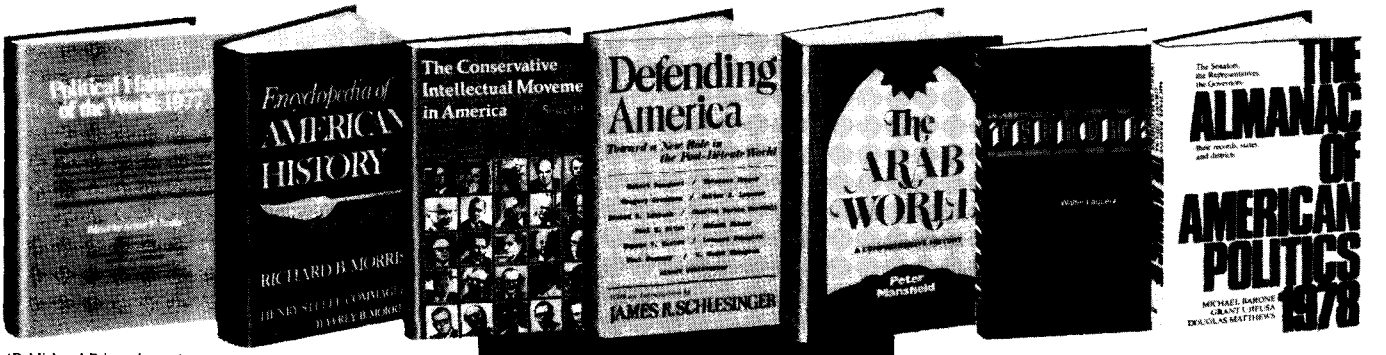

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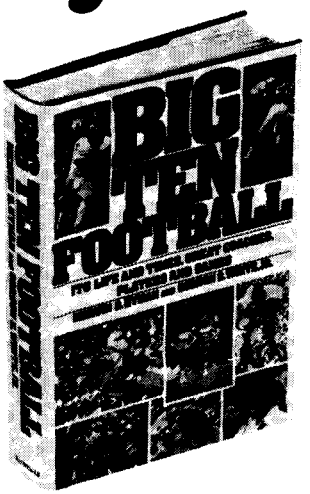

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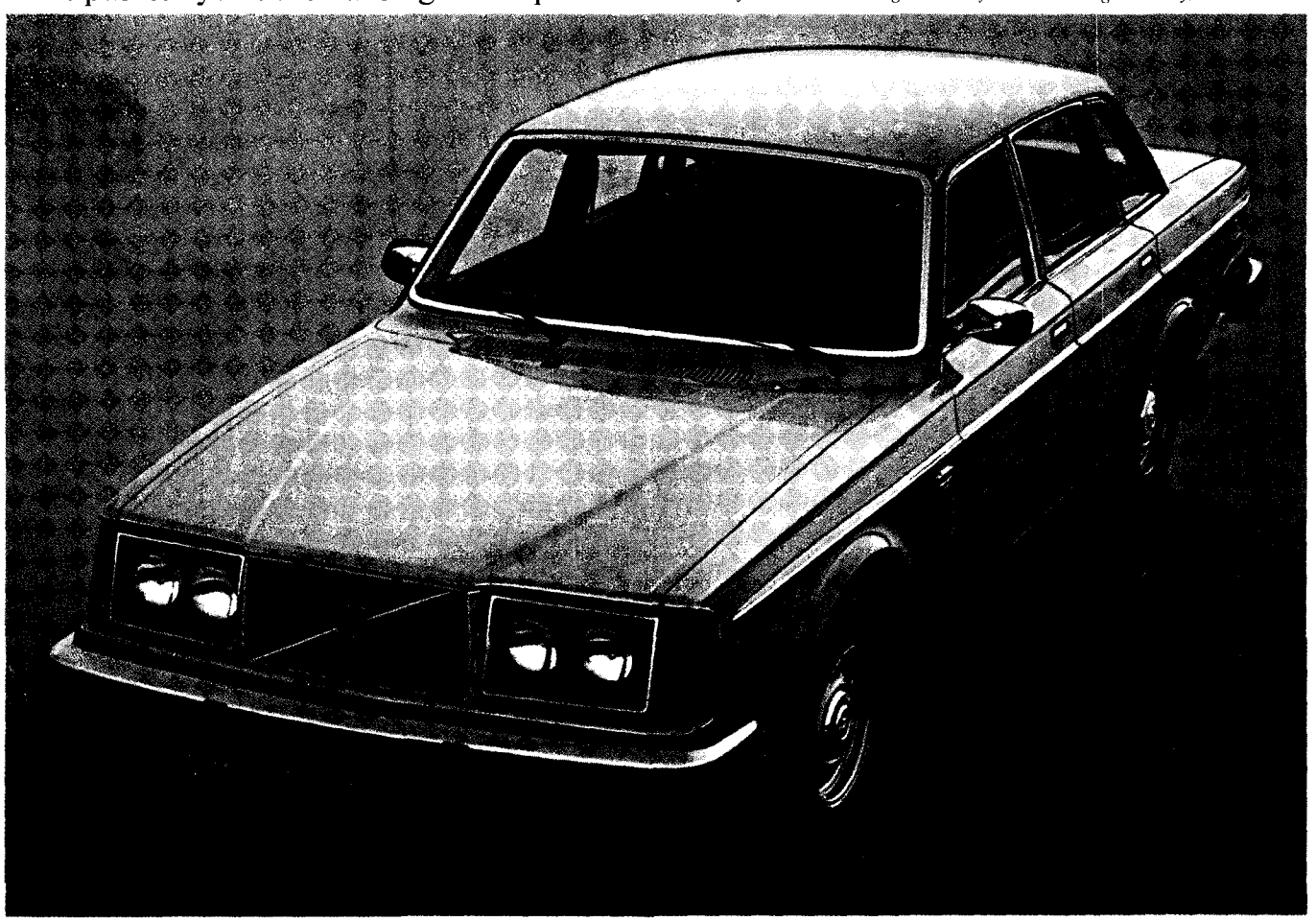

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